The Saturday Evening Post

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LAST WORDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Upon the day you hear it said
Of me, "She is no more;"
(Thank God! on earth no more,)
Feign not to grieve that I am dead.

Your tears would vex me in my grave.
Why mourn, or weep for me,
That never cared for me,
Nor raised at need a hand to save?

Forget me—that is all I crave—
When I am dead and gone,
From hate and envy gone,
To rest within my quiet grave.

E. A. M.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FATHER AND SON.

Now that we have given the reader all necessary information about the events accomplished at the Hacienda del Toro, we will resume our narrative at the point where we were compelled to leave it—that is to say, we will return to the village of the Papagos, and be present at the conversation between Thunderbolt and Stronghand in the Pyramid. The two men, walking side by side, went up to the top of the Pyramid. They traversed the bridge of lianas thrown over the Quebrada at a great height, and entered the Pyramid on the right. They descended to the first floor—the Indians they met bowing respectfully to them—and stopped before a securely fastened door. On reaching it, Thunderbolt gave it two slight taps; an inner bolt was drawn, the door opened, and they went in. They had scarce crossed the threshold are the young Indian girl who had opened the door closed it again after them. A strange change had taken place in the two men; the Indian stoicism they had hitherto affected made way for manners that revealed men used to frequent the highest society of cities.

"Maria," Thunderbolt said to the girl, "inform your mistress that her son has returned to the village."

In giving this order the old gentleman employed Spanish, and not the Comanche idiom which he had used up to the present.

"The senora was already aware of her son's return, sir," Maria answered, with a smile.

"Ah!" said the old man, "then she has seen somebody."

"The venerable Padre Fray Serapio came an hour ago to pay the senora a visit, and he is still with her."

"Very good; announce us, my child."

The girl bowed and disappeared, returning a moment after to tell the two gentlemen that they could enter. They were then introduced into a rather spacious room, lighted by four glazed windows—an extraordinary luxury in such a place—in front of which hung heavy red damask curtains. This room, entirely lined with stamped Cordovan leather, was furnished in the Spanish style, with that good taste which only the Castilians of the old race have kept, and was, through its arrangement, half drawing-room, half oratory. Near a silver brasero two persons were sitting.

Of these, one was a lady, the other a Franciscan monk; both had passed mid-life, or, to speak more correctly, were close on fifty years of age.

The lady wore the Spanish garb fashionable in her youth—that is to say, some thirty years before. Although her hair was beginning to grow white, and a few deep wrinkles altered the purity of her features, still it was easy to see that she must have been very lovely once on a time. Her skin, of a slightly olive hue, was extremely fine, and in the firm marked lines of her face the distinctive character of the purest Aztec race could be recognised. Her black eyes, shaded by long lashes, and whose corners rose slightly, like those of the Mongolians, had an expression of strange gentleness, and her whole face revealed mildness and intelligence. Although she was below the ordinary height of women, she still retained the elegance of youth; and her exquisitely modelled hands and feet were almost of a microscopic smallness. Fray Serapio was the true type of the Spanish monk—handsome, majestic, and dreamy—and seemed as if he had stepped out of a picture. When the two gentlemen entered, the lady and the padre rose.

"You are welcome, my darling child," the old lady said, opening her arms to her son.

The latter rushed into them, and for some minutes there was an uninterrupted series of caresses between mother and son.

"Forgive me, Padre Serapio," Stronghand at length said, as he freed himself from the gentle bondage; "but it is a long time since I have had the pleasure of embracing my mother."

"Embrace your mother, my child," the monk answered, with a smile; "a mother's caresses are the only ones that do not entail regret."

THE CEREMONY OF THE SACRED HATCHET.

"What are you about, padre?" Thunderbolt asked; "are you going to leave us already?"

"Yes; and pray excuse me for going away so soon; but after a lengthened separation, you must have much to say to one another, and a third person, however friendly he may be, is always in the way at such a time. Moreover, my brothers and I have a good deal to do at present, owing to so many white hunters and trappers being in the village."

"Are you satisfied with your neophytes?"

The monk shook his head mournfully.

"No," he at length answered; "the Indians love and respect us, owing to the protection you have deigned to afford us, Senor Don—"

"Silence!" the chief interrupted him, with a smile; "no other name but that of Thunderbolt."

"That is true; I always forget that you have surrendered the one received at your baptism; still it is one of the most noble in the martyrology. Well," he continued with a sigh, "the will of heaven be done! The glorious days of conversion have passed since we have become Mexicans; the Indians no longer believe in the Spanish good faith, and sooner than accept our God, persist in their old errors. This makes me remember that I have a favor to ask of you."

"Of me? Oh, it is granted beforehand, if it be in my power to satisfy you."

"If I may judge from the preparations I see you making, this will be a serious expedition."

"It will," the old man answered, pensively.

"I have noticed that generally, during these expeditions, the wounded are left without assistance. I should like to accompany the Indians, in order to attend to their wounds, and console those whose hurts are so serious that they cannot recover; still, if the request appear to you exorbitant, I will recall it, though I shall do so reluctantly."

The old gentleman gazed at the monk for a moment with an expression of admiration and tenderness impossible to describe.

"I grant your request, padre," he at length said, affectionately pressing his hand. "Still I am bound to make one remark."

"What is it?"

"You run a risk of falling into the hands of the Mexicans."

"Well, what matter? Can they regard it as a crime if I perform on the battle-field the duties which my religion imposes on me?"

"Who knows? Perhaps they will regard you as a rebel."

"And in that case—"

"Treat you as such."

"That is to say—"

"You will run a risk, father, of being shot; and that is worth thinking about, I suppose."

"You are mistaken, my friend; between duty and cowardice no hesitation is possible. I will die, if it be necessary—but with the conviction that I have fulfilled to the close the sacred mission I have undertaken. Then you grant my request?"

"I do so, father, and thank you for having made it."

"Blessings on your kindness, my son; and now the Lord be with you. I shall retire."

In spite of much pressing, the worthy father insisted on going away, and was conducted to the door of the apartment by the two gentlemen, in spite of his efforts to escape a mark of honor of which he considered himself unworthy. When the door closed after him, and the three persons were really alone, Dona Esperanza, after a long look at her son, gently drew him towards her, and obliging him to sit down on an equipal, she lovingly parted off his forehead his clustering locks, and said in a sweet, harmonious voice, in which all the jealous tenderness of a mother was revealed.

"I find you sad, Diego; your face is pale, your features are worn, and your eyes sparkle with a gloomy fire. What has happened to you during your absence?"

"Nothing extraordinary, mother," he answered, with an embarrassment he tried in vain to conceal. "As usual, I have hunted a great deal, travelled a long distance, and consequently, endured great fatigue; hence, doubtless, comes the pallor you notice upon my face."

The old lady shook her head with an incredulous air.

"A mother cannot be deceived, my boy," she said, gently. "Since you have been a man I have see you return only too often, alas! from long and perilous expeditions. You were fatigued—at times ill, but that was all; while to-day you are gloomy, restless—"

"Mother!"

"Do not argue, for my mind is made up, and nothing will alter it. If you refuse me your confidence, heaven grant that you may select a confidant who understands you so thoroughly."

"Oh, mother! this is the first time a reproach has passed your lips."

"Because, Diego, this is the first time you have refused to let me read your heart."

The young man sighed and hung his head, without replying. Thunderbolt, who had hitherto been a silent spectator of the scene, gave Dona Esperanza a meaning glance, and walked up to his son.

"Diego," he said to him, as he laid his hand on his shoulder, "you forget that you have to give me a report of the mission I entrusted to you."

Stronghand started, and eagerly sprang up.

"That is true, father," he replied; "forgive me. I am ready to furnish you with all the details you desire of what I have been doing during my absence from the village."

"Sit down, my son; your mother and I give you permission."

The young man took a chair, and after reflecting for a few seconds, at a further remark from his father, he commenced the recital of all he had been doing while away. The narrative was long, and lasted nearly two hours; but we will not relate it, because the reader is acquainted with most of the facts the young man stated.

Thunderbolt and Dona Esperanza listened without interruption, and gave unequivocal signs of the liveliest interest. When he had concluded his story, his mother fondly embraced him, while congratulating him on his noble and generous conduct. But Thunderbolt regarded the matter from another point of view.

"Then," he asked his son, "the man who arrived with you is the majordomo of this Don Hernando de Moguer?"

"Yes, father."

"Though I am an Indian by adoption, I will not forget that Spanish blood flows in my veins. You will pay this Paredes, as you call him, the amount of the bills, and I will send them to Hermosillo to be cashed hereafter. You did well in bringing him with you, for an honest man must not fall a victim to a villain. Although this affair does not in any way concern us, I am not sorry to do a service to an old fellow-countryman. Let the majordomo leave the village this very night; in order to prevent any accident on the road, you will have him escorted to the hacienda by Whistler and Paccari, and three or four warriors. They will be more than sufficient to frighten any scoundrels that may attempt to stop him; and as, moreover, we are in a direction entirely opposed to that in which the Hermosillo road runs, no one will think of stopping him."

"I can accompany him myself with your permission, father."

The old gentleman gave him a piercing glance, which compelled him to look down.

"No," he replied; "I want you here."

"As you please, father," he said, with feigned indifference.

And he rose.

"Where are you going?"

"To carry out your orders, father."

"There is no hurry; the day is not very advanced yet—and I want to talk with you; so return to your chair."

The young man obeyed. Thunderbolt reflected for a moment, and then said—

"How do you call this hacienda?"

"El Toro."

"Let me see," the old man continued, as if striving to remember; "is it not built on the exact site of the ancient Casala?"

"So people say, father."

Dona Esperanza listened to this conversation with considerable anxiety. In vain did she try to discover her husband's meaning, and ask herself why he thus obstinately brought the conversation back to so hazardous a subject.

"Is it not a strong place?" the sachem continued.

"Yes, father; substantially built, and crowned with almenas."

"In truth, I now remember having seen it formerly! it is an excellent strategical position."

Dona Esperanza looked at her husband with amazement blended with alarm; she could neither account for his coldness nor his persistence. He continued—

"Have you ever entered this hacienda?"

"Never, father."

"That is vexatious; still, I presume you are acquainted with some of its inhabitants. A man cannot save," he added, ironically, "the life of such a man as this Don Hernando de Moguer must be, without his trying to testify his gratitude to the man who did him the service."

"I know not whether that is Don Hernando's idea, for I never had the honor of seeing him."

"That is strange, Don Diego; and I cannot understand why you did not try to form his acquaintance; however, that is of little consequence, as far as my plans are concerned."

"Your plans, father?" the young man asked, in amazement.

"I will explain to you that we intend to commence the expedition with a thunderstroke; our first attempt will be to seize the Real de Minas of Quitovar, where the main body of the Mexican forces is now collected. The Hacienda del Toro, situated scarce ten leagues from Aupe, commanding the three roads to Hermosillo, Ures, and Sonora, and built at a very strong position, is of immense importance to us for the success of the war. I had thought of appointing you to carry it by surprise, but as you have no friends in the place, and seem not to care greatly about it, let us say no more on the subject. I will give the command of the expedition to Whistler and Paccari; they are two experienced chiefs, endowed with far from common tact, and will carry the hacienda by a surprise, because the Spaniards, not anticipating such an attack, will not be on their guard. As for you, my son, you will follow me to the Real de Minas. And now, my dear Diego, I have nothing more to say to you, and you can withdraw."

The young man had listened in secret horror to this revelation of his father's plans. He was so full of terror that he did not notice that Thunderbolt, though he pretended at the beginning not to know the hacienda even by name, had described its position with a precision that showed that, on the contrary, he must be perfectly acquainted with it. He stood for a moment crushed by the thought of the terrible danger Dona Marianna would incur if the Apaches took the hacienda. His father took a side glance at him, and attentively watched the various feelings reflected in his face.

"Forgive me, father," the young man at length said, with an effort; "but I should like to offer an objection."

"What is it, my son? Speak—I am listening."

"I do not think it would be prudent to try and surprise, with a band of savages, a house so far advanced in the interior of the country."

"That is why I selected you. You would have taken a band of white and half-breed trappers and hunters, and would have passed unnoticed, owing to the color of your skins. Your refusal greatly annoys me, I confess; but, as I do not wish to force your inclinations—"

"But I did not refuse, father," the young man exclaimed.

"What! you did refuse?"

"No, father; on the contrary, I ardently wish to be entrusted with this confidential mission."

"In that case, I misinterpreted your silence and ambiguous remarks. Then you accept?"

"Gladly, father."

"Very good; that is settled. Now go and send off that Paredes, for it is time for him to return to his master. As for you, my son, breathe not a syllable of what we have discussed; you understand the importance of discretion under such circumstances. Embrace your mother, and leave us."

The young man threw himself into his mother's arms, who tenderly embraced him, and whispered in his ear, "Hope."

Then he withdrew, after bowing respectfully to his father.

"Well, Esperanza," the old gentleman said, rubbing his hands, so soon as his son had left the room, "do you now begin to guess my plans?"

"No," she answered with a gentle smile; "but I believe that I understand them."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HATCHET.

Stronghand quitted the Pyramid in a state of indescribable agitation. The word his mother had whispered in his ear at parting incessantly recurred to his mind, and led him to suppose that Dona Esperanza, with that miraculous intuition heaven has given to mothers, that they may discover the most hidden feelings of their children, had divined the secret he fancied he had buried in the remotest corner of his heart, and which he did not dare avow to himself. On the other hand, the strange conversation he had held with his father, and the proposal which concluded it, plunged him into extraordinary perplexity. His father's conduct appeared to him extraordinary, in the sense that he did not understand how the old gentleman, who justly enjoyed among the Indians a reputation for stainless honor, could be preparing treacherously to attack the man to whose succor he came at the same moment with such noble disinterestedness. All this seemed to him illogical, incomprehensible, and in direct opposition with the word "hope," which he fancied he could still hear buzzing in his ear. Still, as he was obliged to cross the torrent, and go some distance before reaching his calli, he had time to restore some degree of order in his ideas, and resume his coolness and self-mastery before he reached his own door. Two men were standing there—Whistler and Paccari.

"Come along, Stronghand," the trapper shouted, so soon as he saw him; "we have been waiting for you a long while."

"Waiting for me?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes. Sparrow Hawk warned us, on the part of Thunderbolt, that the chief and myself were to hold ourselves in readiness to escort the man who entered the village with you wherever he thinks proper to go."

"Ah! Whistler has spoken well," Paccari remarked, laconically.

"What else has happened?"

"Nothing, except that Thunderbolt has made this man a present of a mule, laden with rich wares, as Sparrow Hawk says. But go on, and he will tell you about it himself."

Stronghand entered, and found the majordomo busily engaged in making his preparations for a start. So soon as he saw the hunter, Paredes eagerly walked up to him, and shook his hand several times.

"You are welcome, comrade," he said. "Carai! you are a man of your word, so forgive me."

"Forgive you for what?" the young man asked, with a smile.

"For having doubted you, caramba."

"Doubted me?"

"Yes, on my word. When I saw you leave me this morning in this hole, like a useless or noxious animal, I doubted your sincerity. In a word, as you know, anger is an evil counsellor; still, all sorts of stupid thoughts occurred to me, and I was on the point of running away."

"You would have done wrong."

"Yes, I see it now; hence I feel quite confused at my folly, and beg you once again to forgive me."

"Nonsense," the hunter said, with a laugh, "it is not worth while to torment yourself about such a trifle. An escort of resolute men will accompany you to the hacienda, and as in all probability your master, on seeing that you have brought the money he sent you to fetch, will not ask about what may have happened to you on your journey, I think it unnecessary for you to give him details which would interest him but very slightly, and give rise to unpleasant comments."

"That's enough," the majordomo said, with a knowing smile; "I will not breathe a syllable."

"That will be the best."

"Be easy. Ah! that reminds me that, as I have received the money from you, you must have the bills. Here they are, and once again I thank you."

The hunter took the bills and concealed them in his bosom. There was a moment of silence. The majordomo walked about the calli with an air of embarrassment, though his purpose was now finished, and the hunter comprehended that he had something to say, but did not know how to begin it.

"Come," he asked him, "what else is there that troubles you, my friend? Let me hear."

"On my faith," the Mexican replied, at length forming a resolution, "I confess that I should be delighted to prove my gratitude to you for the service you have done me, and I should not like to leave without doing so; but, unluckily, it embarrasses me more than I can express."

"What, is that all?" the hunter said, gayly. "Why that is a very easy matter."

"Is it?" he remarked, with surprise. "Well, you will not believe that I have been racking my brains over it for more than half an hour, and brought nothing out."

"Because you seek badly, my friend; that is all."

"Then you have found it?"

"You shall see."

"Carai! you cannot imagine what pleasure you will cause me."

"You know that I frequently hunt in your parts?"

"Yes; I am aware of that."

"Well, the first time I find myself near the hacienda, I will come and ask hospitality of you."

"Ah! that is what I call a good idea; and even if you brought ten comrades with you, you would see how I should receive you. I only say this much—I am in a position to treat you well."

"I take you at your word; so that is settled."

"You pledge me your word?"

"I do."

"Very good. Now I shall start happy. Come by day or night, as you may think proper, and you will always be welcome."

"I fancy it would be rather difficult to get into the hacienda by night."

"Not at all. You will only have to mention my name."

"Well, that is settled; and now be off. Only four hours of daylight remain, so do not delay any longer."

"You are right; so good-by. Do not be long ere you remind me of my promise."

"I will bear you in mind."

They left the calli. Seven or eight hunters and Indians were mounted, and awaiting at the door their guest's good pleasure to start. The majordomo shook the hunter's hand for the last time, mounted his horse, gave the signal for departure, and the little band started at a gallop through a crowd of women and children that had collected through curiosity. Stronghand looked after them as long as he could see them, and then thoughtfully returned to the calli. For a very long time he remained plunged in earnest thought, then he stamped his foot passionately, and exclaimed, in Spanish—"No; a thousand times no. I will not take advantage of the man's kindness to abuse his confidence like a coward. It would be a disgraceful deed."

These words doubtless contained the result of the hunter's reflections, and were the expression of the resolutions he had just formed.

Several days elapsed, and nothing of an interesting nature occurred in the village. The military committee sat several hours during the interval. The plan of the coming campaign was definitely arranged, and the collection of the Indian forces was the only thing that delayed the outbreak of hostilities. Whistler returned to the village four days after his departure, and reported to the hunter that Paredes reached the hacienda without any accident, and nothing had disturbed the tranquility of the journey.

In the meanwhile, the different Indian tribes forming the great confederation of the Papazos began flocking into the village. Ere long there were no quarters left for them, and they were compelled to camp on the plain, which, however, was no hardship to men accustomed to brave all weather. On the twelfth day after Paredes' departure, the public crier convened all the chiefs to a general meeting at sunset, in order to perform the mystic rites of the great medicine before opening the campaign. At the moment when the sun disappeared below the horizon in clouds of purple vapor, the amautzin, or first sorcerer of the nation, mounted the roof of the medicine hut, and by a sign commanded silence.

"The sun has withdrawn its vivifying heat from us," he said in a powerful voice, "the earth is covered with darkness, and this is the mystic hour when man must prepare for the struggle with the genius of evil—begin the great medicine."

At the same instant, animals of every description appeared from all the lodges, from the corners of the streets, gliding down the ladders of the pyramids, or coming from the plain; quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles collected in the village square, with horrible cries, overflowed the streets on all sides, and spread out over the country for a league round. These animals were Indian chiefs, clothed in the skins of the beasts they wished to represent. Not only do the Indians imitate with rare perfection the different cries of animals, but they have also made a special study of their manners, habits, modes of progression, and even of the way in which they eat and sleep. Nothing can furnish an idea of the horrible concert composed of these cries—hisses, snapping, and roars, mingled with the furious barking of the dogs. There was something savage and primitive that powerfully affected the imagination. At intervals silence was suddenly re-established, and the sorcerer's voice rose alone in the night.

"Is the evil principle conquered?" he asked; "have my brothers trampled it under foot?"

The animals responded by horrible yells, and the noise began again worse than before. This lasted the whole night through. A few minutes before sunrise the sorcerer repeated the question for the last time, which had received no other answer but furious yells. This time the pure and melodious voice of a young girl rose in the silence, and pronounced these words:—"The Master of Life has pity on His red children; He sends the sun to their help. The evil principle is conquered."

At the same instant the sun appeared in its radiance. The Indians saluted it with a cry of joy, and throwing off their disguises, they fell on their knees, with faces turned up to heaven. The sorcerer, holding in his right hand a calabash full of water, in which was a sprig of wormwood, sprinkled a few drops to each one of the cardinal points, crying with an inspired air—"Hail, O sun! visible minister of the invisible Master of Life! listen to the prayers of Thy red sons. Their cause is just; give them the scalps of their enemies, that they may attach them to their waistbelts. Hail, O sun! all hail!"

All the Indians repeated in chorus—

"Hail, O sun! all hail!"

Then they rose to their feet. The first part of the mysteries of the great medicine was accomplished, and the sorcerer retired. The trachesto, or public crier took his place, and invited the principal chiefs of the confederation to dig up the war-hatchet. This characteristic ceremony consists in going in procession into the medicine lodge, where the oldest chief, digs up the ground with his scalping-knife at a spot the sorcerer indicates, and draws out the great war-hatchet, the emblem of the the strife about to commence. When the hatchet is unburied, the chiefs quit the hut in the same way as they entered it. At their head marches, with the chief entrusted with the sacred token of the nation, and the brave of the great calumet, the chief who has dug up the hatchet, which he holds with both hands to his breast, with the edge turned outwards. On leaving the lodge the chiefs silently draw up in front of the ark of the first man, opposite the war-post, and chance decides which chief shall have the honor of dealing the first blow on the emblematic post with the sacred hatchet.

The Indians, like all primitive peoples, are extremely superstitious; hence they attach an immense importance to this ceremony, because they fancy they can draw a good omen from the way in which the blow has been dealt, and the depth of the notch made by the edge of the blade. Lots were drawn, and chance selected Stronghand. A flattering murmur greeted this name, which was loved by the Indians, and belonged to a man whom they regarded as one of their greatest heroes. Stronghand quitted the ranks, walked into the open space in front of the ark of the first man, and seizing the hatchet which the chief presented to him, he raised it above his head, whirled it round with extreme dexterity, and then dealt a terrible stroke at the war post. The blow was dealt with such violence, the hatchet penetrated the wood so deeply, that when the sorcerer attempted to withdraw it, according to the usual custom, in spite of all his efforts he could not succeed, and was obliged to give up the attempt.

The warriors uttered a shout of joy, which, spreading along the crowd assembled to witness the ceremony, was soon converted into a hideous clamor. The war would be lucky. The omens were excellent. Never, even by the confession of the oldest sachems, had such a blow been dealt the post. Stronghand was congratulated by the chiefs and warriors who were delighted at the result he had obtained. When the hatchet was at length removed from the post, the warriors retired to make way for the squaws, and the scalp-dance began.

This dance is exclusively performed by women, and in this affair alone the men make way for them. This dance, which is regarded as sacred by the untamed Indian nations, only takes place under grand circumstances—at the beginning of an expedition, or at its close, when it has been successful—that is to say, when the warriors bring back many scalps and horses, and have suffered no loss themselves. The women display an excitement in this dance which speedily degenerates into a frenzy, and which fills the minds of the warriors with martial ardor.

When all the rites were performed, the order was given for each warrior to prepare his horses, his weapons, and his provisions, for the expedition might set out at any moment. The Papazos chiefs had succeeded in collecting beneath their totems 30,000 warriors, all mounted on excellent horses, and about 4000 armed with guns. It is true that the Indians though so skilful in the use of the axe, the lance, and the bow, are deplorable marksmen, and have an instinctive dread of firearms, which prevents their taking a proper aim. Still, some of them succeed in attaining a relative skill, and are dangerous in a fight. But the greatest strength of the Indian army consisted of the sixty or eighty white and half-breed hunters, whom the hope of plunder had induced to join them.

Thunderbolt, while retaining the supreme command of the army, appointed three chiefs as generals of division: they were Sparrow Hawk, Whistler and Peccari. Stronghand took the command of twenty-five white hunters, whom he selected among the bravest and most honorable, and was entrusted with a special mission by his father. All being then in readiness to begin the war, the Indians, according to their invariable custom, only awaited a moonless night to invade the territory of their enemies under cover of the darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ THE FIVE TESTS OF FRIENDSHIP.—1. Lend your friend a good umbrella, and live to see it back again.

2. Invite him to your club, and treat him to cold mutton, and find that he forgives you.

3. Ask him to post a letter, and learn within a week that he has actually done so.

4. Cut a gash in his new billiard-cloth without ruffling his temper.

5. Tread upon his gouty toe, and see him smiling at your clumsiness.

☞ The origin of some of the old-fashioned words is sometimes curious. Take, for instance, such words as "prithee" and "marry," both terms of asseveration. "Prithee" is plainly a corruption of "I pray thee." "Marry" was originally, in Popish times, a mode of swearing by the Virgin Mary. So, also, "marrow-bones" for the knees. "I'll bring him down upon his 'marrow-bones'"—that is, "I'll make him bend his knees as he does to the Virgin Mary."

☞ A Michigan woman has written a letter to the Legislature, advocating the restoration of capital punishment in that state, and asking to be appointed state executioner.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Mar. 25, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

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Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a fair supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

THE Prairie Farmer is informed that John P. Alexander, the king of live stock men in the United States, has made an assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors. His liabilities are stated at $1,000,000, while his assets foot up from $100,000 to $200,000 more than that. Mr. Alexander's residence is in Morgan county, Illinois, where he owns an immense stock farm. Two or three years since he bought the celebrated Sullivan farm, known as "Broadlands," in Douglas county, containing 27,000 acres. It was reported a short time since that he had sold Broadlands for $600,000, but from some cause the sale was not consummated. This is probably the heaviest failure of any agricultural man yet recorded in the history of the United States.

THE Springfield Republican tells this story:—"A certain Hampshire County farmer, a temperance man, by the way, who is justly proud, of his fine imported stock, recently fancied that one of his best milkers was stricken with cattle disease, and sent in a great fright for the village farrier, a no'er-do-well sort of a fellow, whom he had often lectured for his tippling propensities. Dick came, examined the animal, looking grave, and asked—'Have you any whiskey or brandy handy?' 'No,' said the farmer. 'Pat, run to the druggist as soon as possible, and tell him I want a quart of brandy for medical purposes.' When the liquor arrived, Dick took the bottle, uncorked it, smelt of it, and, taking a good drink, put the bottle in his pocket, saying—'Your cow will be all right presently; I have pulled a thorn out o her foot'—and walked off."

☞ NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The late election in New Hampshire did not result in a choice of Governor by the people—no candidate receiving a majority of all the votes cast. Weston (Dem.) had over 100 plurality. The election now goes to the Legislature, which being Democratic, will result in the choice of Weston. The three Congressional districts were carried by the Democrats.

☞ It is rumored that a marriage has been arranged between the Princess Beatrice, fifth daughter and ninth child of Queen Victoria, and the Marquis of Ely. The Princess is now in her fourteenth year, having been born on the 14th of April, 1857. The Marquis was born in 1844.

☞ The battle-fields in the North of France threaten to become the focus of a pestilence. Dead bodies are found floating in the dykes and marshes. Active measures have been taken for their interment.

☞ A new cattle disease has appeared in Mercer county, Ill. The animals live but a few hours after the attack, and so far every attack has been fatal. One man has lost twenty-three head in three or four days.

☞ A mineral which performs all the duties of soap, and has an aromatic odor, has been discovered in exhaustless quantities, near Iowa City.—*N. Y. Standard*. Is this to be set down as solid *lye*?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE REVELATION OF JOHN: With Notes Critical, Explanatory and Practical. By Rev. HENRY COWLES, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. This work, by the author of "Notes on Daniel," is evidently the result of careful and candid study of the subject, and both from its liberal spirit and scholarly treatment will command the attention of the ordinary reader and the critic. Numerous commentaries on Revelation have already appeared, the commentators of course taking very different views of that most remarkable of Scriptural Books; but without assuming that his effort is free from imperfections, the author of the present volume stands firmly by his principle of interpretation of Revelation. This is to evolve the laws of interpretation out of Revelation itself; out of the extant prophecies of the Old Testament; and out of ancient history. The whole work is very interesting. The chapter on Revelation is regarded, even by many Christians, as apocryphal, but at the same time we revert to the subject as one of peculiar attraction. Dr. Cowles gives copious commentaries on almost every verse, and we recommend all who are interested in the matter to read his honest and comprehensive remarks.

HEART'S EASE. By the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." New York: D. Appleton & Co. This is a new edition of a novel of English life, written in the quiet but attractive style of its well-known authoress—Miss Yonge. Charming pictures of both rural and fashionable life are given. It will afford excellent summer reading.

VERA; OR, THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS AND THE ENGLISH EARL. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. A new authoress to American readers, and said to be a good one.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MONTHLY. The April number contains its usual variety of articles from the foreign periodicals. Published by L. R. Hamersley & Co., Philada.

The Admiral's Soup.

A good story is told at the expense of P——, the fashionable American bootmaker of Buenos Ayres. It runs in this wise:

Admiral Coe, who commanded the squadron at Buenos Ayres, had become so impressed with the idea that some enemy would put him to death by poison, that he had a cooking stove erected in the cabin of his flag-ship and prepared his meals with his own hands. A white powder was always present to his imagination whenever he partook of food. He thought of it when awake, and dreamed of it while sleeping.

Now it happened that being on shore in Buenos Ayres one day, he stepped into the store of Mr. P——, and was measured for a pair of boots. In due time they were finished and sent off to the Admiral.

The boots seemed to please him very well, but just as he was in the act of trying them on, he happened to invert one of them, and horrors on horrors, what did he discover but the inevitable white powder in each boot. To say he was livid with rage would but poorly express the passion which swept across his breast. He instantly summoned one of his officers and directed him to proceed to Mr. P——'s and request his company at dinner.

The officer having departed, the old admiral, knife in hand, commenced to cut up both boots, which he placed in a saucepan of water and set on the stove to boil.

While the admiral was making the soup Mr. P—— had received the invitation to dine. It would not have done to decline the invitation, so he accepted it and commenced getting ready to accompany the officer who brought the message. By-and-by the boat was reported to the admiral as returning, and he forthwith emptied the contents of his saucepan into a tureen and sat down to await the arrival of his victim. Pretty soon P—— stepped on board and was ushered into the cabin. The admiral received him with a bland smile.

"Sit down, Mr. P——," he said, "you have made me an excellent pair of boots."

P—— was flattered. "I am very glad you like them, admiral," he replied.

The admiral gave a nervous start, and gazed into the tureen; after which he stepped into his state-room and reappeared with a pistol in one hand and an enormous spoon in the other. He then requested P—— to draw up to the table, and placing the spoon in the tureen, while an ungovernable passion roused him almost to fury, exclaimed:

"Now, you infernal rascal, drink every drop of that soup, or I'll blow your brains out."

P—— comprehended the situation, and knew the admiral too well to hesitate. So he at once commenced to swallow the soup made from the boots on which he had bestowed so much care. It was a difficult feat to perform, for the broth was hot and moreover not very palatable, but the admiral stood by his side with a cocked pistol, and the thing had to be done.

When the last drop was drained, poor P—— was placed in a boat and sent on shore, and for weeks afterwards was confined to his bed from an overdose of boot soup. It is only necessary to add that the soap-stone powder which was sifted into the boots was the innocent cause of the admiral's wrath. P——'s friends said that for years afterwards he never had occasion to use a cathartic.

Personal Gossip.

There are certain newspapers in this country, says the Commercial Bulletin, which exist by pandering to a craving for personal gossip, and the retailing of the private details of men's and women's lives. Such a literature is daily having its evil effects, and there are many sheets which, though they aim to be respectable, cannot resist what they appear to think the "tendency of the age." These sensational paragraphs and interviews are creating a popular taste which is as bad as it well can be. If this goes on, a paper which does not retail scandal will become "stupid," and will lose its popularity.

It is bad enough for newspapers to villify each other; but this is a very secondary offence to the public, when compared with the invasion of homes, and the laying bare their troubles, the defamation of private character by insinuation and innuendo, the arrogant intrusion of reporters on all sorts of people at all sorts of times, and the making of crimes the most elaborate and minutely described topics of newspaper columns.

☞ The manufacture of reaping and mowing machines has attained such large proportions as to make it one of general interest. The annual production is now estimated at about 125,000 machines.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ The love of the perfect man is a universal love.—*Confucius*.

☞ An Iowa pet pig has been taught to "holler fire."

☞ If night air is injurious, how do you account for the longevity of the owl?

☞ The removal of Mr. Sumner from the Committee on Foreign Relations causes great excitement in political circles.

☞ A new and splendid monument is to be raised over the grave of Beethoven at Vienna.

☞ Barnum is to start a perambulating circus and menagerie this spring, through the country.

☞ The London cabs at sixpence are to be yellow, those at ninepence scarlet, and those at a shilling blue.

☞ A youth named Hagerman shot himself dead at Hamilton, Ohio, rather than fulfill a marriage engagement.

☞ An old bachelor says that during leap-year, the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

☞ When a man's business is rapidly running down, it is time for him to think of winding it up.

☞ It is a somewhat curious fact that a compositor takes most *e's* when hardest at work.

☞ Sterne's father was killed in a duel which originated in high words about a goose.

☞ Several persons have recently been poisoned by the paint on masks worn at masquerade parties.

☞ In Wilmington, N. C., it is certain death to ask a man if he ever sold watermelons.

☞ The man who didn't believe in advertising has gone into partnership with the sheriff, and they are going to have an auction.

☞ A girl named McIntyre, who was taken captive by Indians nine years ago, has been recovered in Montana and restored to her family.

☞ Seventeen years ago there was not a shanty nor a single human being in Leavenworth, Kansas. Now it has 25,000 inhabitants.

☞ "My children," said an old man to his boys, scared by a figure in the dark entry, "my children, you will never see anything worse than yourselves."

☞ A Norwich (Conn.) woman, who ran a needle into her left foot a year ago by accidentally stepping upon it, recently had it pulled out from between her shoulders.

☞ A New Hampshire stage driver, who has just retired, has in the course of his life driven about 166,000 miles, or more than six time round the world.

☞ The Historical Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., have in their cabinet a glass bottle, the first one manufactured at a glass factory in that place in 1754.

☞ "What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch. "Improving my time," was the witty rejoinder.

POETS who praise northeasters above all,
Will winter "Honest Winter" doubtless call.
Honest, indeed! Why, winter's no such thing—
Does it not often steal a March from spring?

☞ Lord Lorne is to wear at his wedding the full Highland costume. So states an Inverness newspaper. Every piece of jewelry will have engraved upon it the arms of the house of Argyle.

☞ A physician called to attend a young lady in Missouri, was told by her that her parents had not spoken to her during the past five years, although they occupy the same house.

☞ A certain attache of the Treasury Department in Washington, who is well known as an inveterate toper, on being asked by a jocular friend what he did for a living, replied: "I suck a bottle part of the time, and the United States Treasury the rest."

☞ A suburban gentleman of wealth, who wears a costly bosom-pin, assigns as the reason for this, that it keeps him from going into disreputable places or suspicious company. While he wears that he is sure to be cautious.

☞ A western journal recently published this extraordinary notice: "Married, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. A. M. Lyons, John P. Ellis, Esq., all of this city." The Buffalo Express says: "That is what is called in euchre going it alone."

☞ Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined.

☞ A young lady in Madison avenue has a very neat collection of locks of hair, culled from the craniums of her numerous admirers. These are all beautifully arranged in a handsome album, each one accompanied by a little descriptive verse of poetry.

☞ A German shoemaker having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the article:—"Der poots is not quite done, but the bill is made out."

☞ An Irishman with a heavy bundle on his shoulders, riding on the front of a horse car, was asked why he did not set his bundle on the platform. He replied: "Be jabers, the horses have enough to drag me; I'll carry the bundle."

☞ A lady says:—"Take my advice, ye young maidens contemplating matrimony. Never marry a man who is unkind to his mother, snubs his sister, helps himself to the best at the table, is afraid of work, or is unable to support you."

☞ RAPID WORK.—There is a little machine in a London shop window which prints address cards at the rate of two and three hundred a minute. "Your name and address printed on one hundred cards in one minute," is the invitation to customers, and the printers keep faith with them.

☞ A life prisoner in the Massachusetts state prison has been a solitary man for fifteen years, during that time not hearing a footstep or seeing a human face, save that of his daily attendant. He is allowed plenty of reading, but that has at last palled and become uninteresting.

☞ A friend relates the following:—A mile or two from town he met a boy on horseback crying with cold.

"Why don't you get down and lead him? That is the way to keep warm.

"No," said the boy, "it's a b-b-borrowed hoss, and I'll ride him if I freeze."

☞ A writer on taxation, a few years ago, illustrated the operation of taxes by the figure of a cannon ball rolling down stairs. The ball gently deposited on the upper step makes there no mark, but as it descends the several steps, the dents become deeper and deeper at every stage, and the lowest step of the series is crushed outright.

Clara.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A woman's hopes are made of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them."—*Felix Holt.*

Four o'clock of a December afternoon. The school-room is deserted by all but the teacher, who is making preparations for returning home.

She puts by in her desk the pile of compositions she has finished correcting, and seeing through the dingy little window that the snow is falling, draws on her rubbers and pulls the hood of her water-proof carefully around her ears. She has a half-mile walk before her.

A superior specimen of a country school-mistress—a tall, stately girl, whose beauty of face and sweetness of voice charm even the uncouth children she instructs. One year ago Clara Talfourd was a belle, a reputed heiress in a distant city. The only child of a father rich and indulgent, a favorite in society; young, flattered, beloved. Clara might now well be amazed at fate, for of all the bright gifts of fortune, none remained save the unprofitable one of beauty. That did not increase her salary as teacher of the district school of M——.

Six months had elapsed since Mr. Talfourd's sudden death had bereft his child of love and wealth at once. With a distant relative of her father, called aunt from courtesy, she had found a shelter, safe though obscure; and if she could have forgotten her dead father and recreant lover, might have found life more endurable than she did.

When Clara Talfourd made her *debut* two years before in society, one of the first to acknowledge her charms was Hugh Weston. His approval of Clara, as his fastidiousness was well known, was a social triumph for the young belle.

From the first he appreciated the new beauty. Morning after morning was passed by him in Mr. Talfourd's cosy library reading aloud to Clara, retouching her drawings, correcting her French, or practicing duets, in which his tenor voice blended melodiously with her clear soprano.

When Clara and her father took their daily ride in the Park, Hugh Weston always joined them, to Clara's silent delight and Mr. Talfourd's as silent annoyance. Hugh leaned over Clara's chair at the opera, attended her to balls and parties, escorted her to the supper table; in short, took pains to let both Clara and her father see his pretensions as a suitor.

By the daughter his devotion was rewarded by a love fond and true; but Mr. Talfourd never liked Hugh Weston, and saw with regret, poignant though concealed, that he had won his daughter's heart. But Mr. Talfourd's opposition to their intimacy was forestalled by his sudden death.

To Clara the loss of a father, tender and indulgent as hers, was so crushing, that when she learned soon after that loss of wealth must be added also, she scarcely heeded it. Not so Hugh Weston, who when the information reached him was inclined to rail at fortune, hitherto to him beneficent enough.

"A sweeter woman than Clara Talfourd," he acknowledged, "never drew breath—good, graceful, intelligent, accomplished, but—"

Hugh was hardly yet inclined to think himself fortunate that no formal engagement existed between him and Clara. He wished fervently he was not so extravagant in his habits and luxurious in his tastes. What could such a man, not rich himself, do with a penniless wife?

As may be guessed he was attempting to excuse himself for a premeditated unmanly act.

When Clara accepted her aunt Ruth's offer of a home, Hugh bade her a farewell he well knew was to be a long one. At first the hypocrite wrote punctually enough, and Clara was inclined to take herself to task for being exacting because her lover's letters did not please her. Slowly, yet surely, however, the conviction dawned on her that she who had lost so much must yet give up still more. Hugh never paid his promised visit, and his last letter (as Clara was afterwards glad to remember) was never answered.

Shortly after her arrival in M——, the place of district school-teacher being vacant, Miss Talfourd applied for and received the appointment. Aunt Ruth's amazement was great, but Clara assuring her that she was poor and must work for her living, silenced the easy lady.

While we have been telling her story our heroine has reached the garden gate. There she paused a moment to sigh a dreary little sigh in anticipation of a monotonous evening, spent as so many previous ones had been. Aunt Ruth would after supper draw the little stand from its corner, and placing a large lamp on it, desire Clara to read aloud. The latter doing so, the old lady would proceed to fall asleep, snoring comfortably as her slumber grew deeper. Then Clara would fall to watching the fire, or the large white face of the old-fashioned clock whose hands are so long reaching ten—the hour for bed.

Nothing turns out as one anticipates. Clara had just reached her room, and was divesting herself of water-proof and overshoes when Aunt Ruth entered, breathless and excited, a condition rare with that placid lady.

"Oh, Clara, such a surprise! here is a gentleman from the city wishing to see you."

For a moment the brightness of Clara's face astonished her relative. Ah, Clara, you had pronounced Hope dead and buried, and yet now it has burst its cerements and opened wide its white wings in your heart.

"Who is it, aunty?"

"Mr. Forsyth, an old acquaintance, both of you and your father, he tells me."

The color and light faded as quickly as they came from Clara's face.

"Oh, yes, he was a great friend of papa's, please tell him I'll come down directly. You know, aunty, I must smooth my hair a little, my hood has rumpled it."

"Yes, but don't be long, dear, he is in the parlor alone. I had to go to the kitchen to see after Dinah, who is in one of her perverse fits." So saying the old lady took her departure.

Mr. Forsyth, the unexpected visitor, a tall, dark, grave man of five-and-thirty, sat by the grate-fire. His desire for Clara ever since he first saw her had been that "of the moth for the star."

Until a day or two ago he had supposed Hugh Weston to be the happy recipient of an affection coveted by himself. But that gentleman's recent marriage to rich and homely Miss Worth had put these ideas to flight.

Clara was unconscious of this secret devotion—yet as she smoothed her luxuriant hair, and changed her dress, she was aware of a feeling of gratitude towards Mr. Forsyth for remembering her.

When she entered and greeted Mr. Forsyth, he was shocked to see how pale and wan she had grown; but her changed looks only aroused a more determined desire to take her out of the monotonous and joyless life she was leading.

Well, Mr. Forsyth wooed bravely, and prospered in his wooing—as a brave man should. Hardly two months after his first visit to M——, there was a quiet wedding at Aunt Ruth's.

The old lady held the weeping girl, (sobbing out her love and gratitude on that kind breast,) in a fond embrace, then released her, with a look which said plainly, "I trust you" in your husband's arms.

The next time Hugh Weston met his now almost forgotten love—a heartless man remembers none but himself—was at an entertainment given in honor of Mr. Forsyth and his bride. Society, which too had almost forgotten "poor, pretty Miss Talfourd," was in raptures with Mrs. Forsyth. No longer poor, and with her girlish prettiness changed to mature and womanly beauty.

Hugh Weston wondered idly for a moment what had changed the tender, humble girl, he had once pretended to love, into this stately, gracious lady. Could it be possible he had ever checked *her* for reading too fast and corrected a tendency to lisp, as she was prone to do when she grew animated and enthusiastic in her conversation. Hugh's conscience, which had given him uneasy twinges when he recalled Clara Talfourd, was quieted at once when he met Mrs. Forsyth, but a new admiration was aroused. What a contrast she afforded to his plain and tasteless wife!

Mr. and Mrs. Weston met the Forsyths frequently in society, but the two families were never friends.

One morning at breakfast, Hugh Weston, sipping his coffee and glancing occasionally at his paper, uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" inquired his wife.

"Why, I see that Mrs. Forsyth, by the death of an old and eccentric uncle, has come into possession of a splendid and unexpected fortune. How the newspapers like to spread such things."

His further thoughts the selfish and now disappointed man did not permit his wife to know. They were not complimentary to her, nor honorable to him. Forsyth, he mentally declared, was a lucky fellow—but he did not acknowledge what a contemptible one he was himself.

ONE day a kindly old gentleman, whose sympathies had come down from a former generation evidently, rang Longfellow's door-bell, and was shown in to the master of the house. "Is this house Washington's head-quarters?" he asked. "Yes," the poet kindly answered. "Well, I heard so; and I came to take a look at the place." "You are very welcome," was the reply, and the simple-minded old stranger was shown through the chambers, up-stairs and down, very courteously by the poet himself, and his appetite for historical association was gratified. When, finally, he turned to Mr. Longfellow and expressed his satisfaction and thanks, he was interested sufficiently in the polite host to ask, simply, "What is your name?" "My name is Longfellow." "Long—fellow—Longfellow? Well, now, I did hear of a man of that name down in Billrick-ey. Are you any kin to him?"

☞ A marriageable lady should not refuse a gentleman until he has offered himself. It makes the gentleman feel awkward.

☞ A tombstone in a South Carolina cemetery was recently made conspicuous by some wag, who painted on it the following lines:—

"Here lieth the body of Jeremiah Gordon,
With mouth almighty, and teeth accordin';
Tread lightly, stranger, o'er this and wonder,
For if he opens his mouth, you're gone, by thunder."

☞ It is claimed that metalic iron affords the readiest and simplest means of disinfecting water and of keeping it fresh. The water of the Thames, taken to sea in iron tanks, soon becomes perfectly sweet and remains so during a long voyage. A small piece of iron or a few nails in the water in which cut flowers are put, will keep the water sweet.

☞ Two immense hotels are to be built in the vicinity of Central Park, New York, the present year. It is said they are to throw the down-town hotels quite in the shade.

☞ The Norwich (Connecticut) Bulletin tells a pathetic little story about a pigeon which became fastened by a long string hanging from its leg to a telegraph wire on Main street, in that city. Two or three cruel boys wanted to throw stones at it, but a kind gentleman, telling them not to hurt the poor bird, got a ladder and carefully unwound the string, and put the frightened, fluttering little creature tenderly into his bosom while he descended. The next evening he remarked that it had made a much nicer pie than he expected.

☞ More hand organs are seen and heard in Boston in one day, than in most of the other large cities of the country during a year. We sympathise with the citizens.

☞ Much of the "jujube paste" sold in the shops, is made of glue and molasses—or the same composition as is used for printer's rollers.

☞ The Postmaster at Nashua, N. H., advertises a letter for Thomas Whockendemoffeschauferponsey.

☞ The deepest hole in the world, is an artesian well at Potsdam, Me., which goes down 5,540 feet.

☞ A case of pocket-picking has occurred in the Sandwhich Islands, the first on record! A native was detected in putting his hand into the pocket of a woman in a crowd and abstracting her purse. He was captured at once, and the first Hawaiian pickpocket was sentenced to six months imprisonment at hard labor. This is the first case of stealing from the person ever known to have occurred on those happy isles of the sea.

☞ There are more than twenty-eight thousand post-offices in the United States—but only a little rising one thousand are of the classes requiring appointments from the President. The others are appointed by the Postmaster-General.

☞ A Paris correspondent, writing of the siege, says: They tell of one lady here who was so overcome by her appetite as to eat her beloved lap-dog. After a hearty meal, she looked down at the little heap of bones; tears fell from her eyes. "Poor Bijou!" she exclaimed, "how he would have enjoyed them!"

True Heroism.

The N. Y. Tribune mentions a couple of incidents honorable to human nature. One, the story of a poor acrobat out West, who was dashed from his giddy height to the ground, and who, when the crowd gathered around him, raised himself, mangled and bleeding, to gasp out entreaties for them to save the two girls left unsupported on the trapeze. He refused to be lifted until they were rescued, and in the agony of his fall and shattered limbs directed how they should be brought down. When they were safe, pain got the better of him, and he was carried as dead off the stage. The women were strangers to him.

The other is of a little girl who wandered on to the track of the Delaware Railroad as a freight train of nineteen cars was approaching. As it turned the sharp top of the grade, opposite St. George's, the engineer saw the child for the first time, blew "Down brakes," and reversed the engine. But it was too late to slacken its speed in time, and the poor baby got up, and laughing, ran to meet it. "I told the conductor," says the engineer, "if he could jump off the engine, and, running ahead, pick up the child before the engine reached her, he might save her life, though it would risk his own, which he did. The engine was within one foot of the child when he secured it, and they were both saved."

Success.

In this God's-world, with its wild-whirl eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. *My* friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for the victory on behalf of it—I would advise thee to halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!" Thy "success?" Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all forever. What kind of success is that?—*Carlyle.*

An Infallible Remedy.

A Boston clergyman recently related an experience in sickness. The affair described took place some twenty years ago. He was very sick, and was in charge of a physician of large experience, who, visiting him every day, left an ample supply of medicine. In an outer room he saw several members of the family, one of whom asked him if he understood the case. "O, certainly," he said, "I have had a hundred such cases, and have treated them all alike." "Do you think he is in danger?" was the next inquiry of the anxious friend. "I never knew a person thus affected to recover," was the unsatisfactory response.

The physician continued his visits, and two or three days later he said to his patient, "I think you are better to-day." "Do you?" said the patient; "well, I feel much better." "I suppose you take my medicines regularly?" said the doctor. "Oh, no," was the response. "I thought little good would result from taking medicine which had failed in so many successive cases, and I have left nature to do its work." The doctor found it convenient to shorten his visit—and his patient lives to tell the story.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace, vivacity and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness.

☞ One marked feature of the present season is the abundance of money in the hands of capitalists, and its scarcity in the hands of business men. This is probably owing to the heavy taxation, which takes money out of the hands of the community at large, and pays off the public debt which is principally held by capitalists, to the extent of $100,000,000 a year. Just as the obtaining and spending of loans by the government made money plenty and times good, so the paying back must make money scarce and times hard. As money is always worth more than its interest to business men, the country can, one would think, much better afford to pay yearly the interest of the debt, than to pay back the principal with the idea of saving interest.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Belden officiated as chaplain of the New York House of Representatives, one day last week, and prayed very appropriately, that "the men who are in the habit of loitering about the halls of the Legislature with bribery in their hands, might be induced to see the error of their ways—and that their wicked designs, if they had any, might be thwarted."

☞ Robert Collyer tells this story:—"A long time ago, a minister who had two deacons in his congregation given to sinful ways, preached a very practical sermon, but without thinking of them. During the delivery of his discourse he took occasion to say, 'Liar, stand on your feet,' and, to his amazement, one of the deacons stood up and remained standing until the exhortation was concluded. It so happened that the next paragraph commenced with these words: 'Let those addicted to double dealing stand forth.' The deacon who had already arisen, looked over to the other deacon, and whispered—'You had better get up; I did.'"

☞ North Carolina claims the "champion voter." At the last election he walked to the polls followed by seventeen sons, and they collectively deposited eighteen ballots.

☞ "CORRECT LIKENESS OF YOURSELF SENT, AND YOUR FORTUNE TOLD."—Young Green, in answer to the above advertisement, receives a looking-glass, and is informed that he can tell his own fortune by counting his money.

WEARY old bachelor! what art thou doing?
Sitting alone there and perhaps rueing
Thy lonely lot—with no one to be sewing
Thy stockings and breeches!

Tell me old bachelor, did no girl e'er choose you—
Or did some pretty maiden tyrannically use you,
Or a young widow inconstantly refuse you,
To take up with riches?

☞ The subscriptions in this country to the new United States loan, drawing five per cent. interest free of tax and redeemable in coin after ten years, already have nearly reached ten millions of dollars. See the advertisement on seventh page for the advantages of this loan.

☞ PROOF POSITIVE.—"Why do you oppose the giving the ballot to women?" asked a lady the other evening of a confirmed bachelor. "Excuse me, madam," replied he, "but I have not sufficient confidence in their capacity to conduct government affairs." "What evidence of their mental inferiority to mankind can you advance?" queried the lady. "A simple fact is enough to satisfy my mind, and that is the frightful way in which they do up their back hair."

☞ A mahogany coffin, recently exhumed from a New Jersey graveyard, after twenty-four years interment, was found to be in a state of perfect preservation. The corpse it contained, except the bones, had mouldered entirely away.

☞ A Mobile paper is indignant at a contemporary for announcing that "Mobile is the fourth coffee-pot in the country." Investigation proved that "cotton port" was meant, but the thing got mixed.

☞ The French Assembly has voted that the Napoleonic dynasty has forfeited the throne. The ex-Emperor protests against this action.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—600 bbls Ohio family at $7,50, and 1200 bbls Northwest family at $7@7,50, and 10,000 bbls $5,25@5,75 for superfine; 10,00@8,25 for extra; $6,50@7 for Penna family; $7@7,75 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@9,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,87½ ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—40,000 bus sold at $1,65@1,66 for Ohio red; $1,65@1,68 for Indiana red; $1,48@1,55 for Penna red; $1,65@1,75 for Western amber, and $1,75@1,90 ₩ bus for white. Rye—Sales at $1,03@1,05. Corn—Sales of 50,000 bus at 81@84c for yellow, and 80@83c for Western mixed. Oats—Sales of 40,000 bus at 65c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 1300 bbls mess Pork at $22@22,50, and extra prime at $18. Mess Beef at $20@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $30@32 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 16@17c; Excelsior hams at 17c; sides at 12½@13c, and shoulders at 10½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 13½@14½c; sides at 11@11½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 8½c. Lard—Sales of 1400 bbls and tierces at 13@13½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@16c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 22@30c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 17@21c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 16@17c ₩ lb.

COTTON—600 bales of middlings sold at 14½@15c ₩ lb for upland, and 15@15½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—70 hhds of No 1 Quercitron at $31 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark $18@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 32@32½c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@8c for Apples, and 13@14c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $6@7 ₩ bbl. Cranberries sell at $10@12 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,10@1,15; mixed do. 90c@$1,05; Straw, $1,10@1,15.

HOPS—Sales at 5@10c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 2500 tons of No 1 Lehigh crane at $35@36 ₩ ton; No 2 at $33; and Grey Forge at $31 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $38@39 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover seed—2000 bus sold, in lots, at 11½@12c ₩ lb. Timothy at $6,50. Flaxseed at $2@2,10

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 4@8¾ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10 to $11,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"We have used in our family for the past five years one of the Grover & Baker Machines. It has not had two cents worth of repairs in all that time—and is now in perfect working order. It has done miles upon miles of sewing of all kinds, and always does its work well."

GEO. A. SHUFFLDT, Jr.,
Chicago.

What are your Symptoms?

Mrs. Selina Horton, residing at Fort Lee, was, five months ago, a confirmed hypochrondiac. One day she was bewailing her miserable condition to a lady friend in Brooklyn. "What are your symptoms?" said the lady. "Oh, I am sick all over," was the reply; "never free from headache and pains in the back; very weak, and so low-spirited that the least thing makes me ill." "Just my own case a year ago, when I commenced using PLANTATION BITTERS," said Mrs. H. "Well?" inquired her friend. "Well; they cured me of every distressing symptom in two weeks—and you'd better follow my example. The lady did so, and with the same happy result.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

TO CURE a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*
nov26-6m

Good Soap, Like Good Wine, is Improved by Age.—Among the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii soap was found in a good state of preservation, after having been buried over 1700 years.

A box of soap in a family is better than "*money at interest,*" as when from three to six months old, one pound will go further than three pounds of new soap.

Ask your grocer for a box of CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP, and if he does not keep it, send your order to CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front street, New York. Liberal commissions to clubs.
oct1-tf

To the Descendants of English Families
IN AMERICA.

The advertiser having devoted many years to the careful investigation of the Common Pleas and other Rolls of the English Records, and which alone contain the true history of Families, Manors, and Lands—and which, from their immensity, have in a great measure remained as a sealed book to investigators. And having from the same, accumulated a mass of Genealogical and Historical information of the greatest interest, hitherto entirely unheard of, and by which he is in a position to expose the errors of the many spurious existing pedigrees—offers his services to the public, both in Europe and America, in the compilation of pedigrees, which will bear the strictest scrutiny and examination.

American families desirous of obtaining correct information of their English ancestors, grants of arms, &c., &c; and who already possess their family records from the time of emigration from England; are requested to transmit the same to the advertiser.

As the cost of these researches must depend upon the amount of investigation and information obtained, no fixed amount of charge can be stated; but a remittance of Ten Pounds on London, by Draft, or otherwise, must accompany instructions to proceed.

Address MR. JAMES PHILLIPPS,
mh18-4t 48 Bedford Row, London, England.

SEND for our catalogue of Gay and Jolly Books, Pictures and Fancy Articles. Address J. & S. DAVIS, Ithaca, N. Y. mh18-4t

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HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Cheering Facts for the Bilious.

Every day demonstrates more clearly that liver complaint, in all its distressing forms, can be controlled and cured without difficulty or inconvenience. It is an obstinate disease, but its obstinacy is not proof against the pertinacious, remedial and restorative operation of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. That genial corrective *compels the organ to do its duty.* It *must* secrete regularly and healthfully under the influence of the Bitters. Their action brings it back from a state of rebellion into perfect harmony with the laws of health. If there is costiveness, it disappears; if there is side-ache or back ache, it ceases; if the skin and the whites of the eyes are tinged with superfluous bile, they recover their natural hue; if the appetite is gone, it returns; if the digestion is impaired, it is restored; in brief, whatever the symptoms of the complaint may be and whatever the phase it has assumed, *a cure is certain.* Such are the uniform effects of this preparation where bilious disease has been already developed; but in cases where there is merely a constitutional tendency to liver complaint, it may be prevented throughout life by the regular use, in small quantities, of this palatable antidote. These are proven facts, and should be seriously pondered—or, rather, they should be promptly acted upon—by all persons of bilious habit. mh4-4t

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CONSUMPTION ☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free.
Address, DR. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-13t

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FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York.
jan7-2m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms, or Grubs, and Blotched Disfigurations on the *Face,* use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.* Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St. jan7-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of Feb., by the Rev. James H. Beale, Mr. JOHN FARTHING, Jr., to Miss SALLIE D. LEARY, both of this city.

On the 16th of Feb., by the Rev. C. E. Murray, Mr. W. L. POTTS to Miss ELIZABETH WARNOCK, all of this city.

On the 22d of Feb., by the Rev. Samuel Durborrow, Mr. ALEX. C. MACKENET, to Miss MARIA S. SUTTON, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. J. Alston, Mr. JOHN C. BOWERS to Mrs. EMELINE BEDDY, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by Alderman Samuel Lutz, WILLIAM T. SHERMER to Miss KATE READ.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. W. Case, Mr. EMANUEL P. WERTZ to Miss SALLIE J. SIBSON, both of Germantown.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, D. D., Mr. CYRUS W. SHELLY to Miss MARTHA BEIDLER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, THOMAS HEUSTON, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM NORTHNAGEL, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 9th instant, MR. JACOB GAUL, in the 78th year of his age.

On the 9th instant, ARTHUR PATTERSON, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 9th instant, LAFAYETTE CARNELL, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 9th instant, JAMES BURD HANCOCK, in the 62d year of his age.

On the 10th instant, JOHN ROMMEL, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 10th instant, REBECCA H. CHANDLER, in the 88th year of her age.

On the 10th instant, MRS. MARY BROADNIX, in the 82d year of her age.

On the 11th instant, MRS. SARAH R. GREEN, in the 50th year of her age.

On the 12th instant, MRS. MARY HANNA, in the 76th year of her age.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW,

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roxy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in THE POST of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

Life in Buenos Ayres.

A writer in the Overland Monthly gives the following interesting items of life in Buenos Ayres:—He was sitting with the American proprietor of a *quinta*, one warm noon-time, with doors and windows all open, and sipping a glass of wine, when he felt a sudden but not unpleasant sensation, like a chill, which lasted not longer than a quarter of a second. At the same time a sharp click proceeded from the bottle and wine glasses, as if they had been lightly rapped by some small object. "That's the *aire*." "What's the *aire*?" asked the guest. "If you attempt to lift that bottle," said the host, "you will find it cut into; and you will also discover that the glasses have shared the same fate." This was found to be true. No satisfactory explanation can be given to the phenomenon, but it is thought to be entirely electrical. If a dog or other animal should happen to be heated at the time it comes in contact with the *aire*, it is instantly fixed in its then position. If a dog is about to scratch his ear, his hind leg would be held rigidly, as if in the act, for several successive days. Mankind are not wholly exempt from its influences, and people who have been caught in that position by the *aire* are frequently seen with their heads turned half round, as if looking over their shoulders. The effects are readily reduced by poulticing, and have never occasioned serious afflictions.

Suspicious Words.

When I think of the lives that are blighted, the souls that are dishonored, the homes broken up by a miserable temper, I wonder that it is not branded with such a stamp of vice that all would shun it, but it has so many specious disguises, it lurks in so many by places, that we are tainted almost without knowing it.

The simple suggestion that Miss Smith had better be careful or she would be talked about is enough to ostracise her from good society. The opinion indifferently expressed that Miss Jones is no better than she should be, has consigned her to infamy in the hearts of those who did not know her and never could know her.

A jocular allusion to Mr. Brown, seen in the company of Mrs. White—a conjecture as innocent as it was accidental—has left the injured woman without home or friends. A shake of the head or a lifting of the eyelids is worse than out-spoken slander. That may be refuted, but the whisper light as air evades scrutiny.

People who have nothing to do talk gossip. They look across into their neighbor's windows and see a double reflection. Men in doorways and women in windows can unravel somebody's life with a facility only known in undoing. They never stop to think when they probe a wound that gives them such exquisite pleasure, that it is somebody's else death.

I hate gossip; I never step on a street corner to watch anybody. I never looked through any moral keyholes to discover my recluse breeding over love letters. I never watched Mrs. Jones and wondered if she had a husband, or who gave her such good clothes. It is none of my business anyway, and I will not be paid to do it. When I have so little business of my own that I have to overlook other people's joys and sorrows, I'll start a newspaper and take the subscriptions in butter and eggs.—*Ex.*

Earth Eating.

It is well known that, in different parts of the world, there are people who eat earth; among them are some of the natives of Java, who eat a red kind of earth as a luxury. This earth, which is soft and smooth to touch, has been analyzed by a German chemist, who finds it very rich in iron, with a small quantity of potash and soda. Some tribes eat earth to stay the pangs of hunger by filling their stomachs, and because at times they can get nothing better; but the people in Java eat their earth, baked in thin cakes, as an agreeable variety in their general diet. The cakes, when slightly moistened, are rich and unctuous, and the enjoyment in eating is supposed to consist in the sensation produced by a fatty substance. It is a curious fact in the history of human habits.

☞ Carlyle says of suffrage—"Oh! wondrous system of extricating the wisdom of people by counting their noses!"

BURIED TREASURES.

When the uneasy waves of life subside
And the soothed ocean sleeps in glassy rest,
I see, submerged beyond the storm of tide
The treasures gathered in its greedy breast.

There still they shine through the translucent past,
Far down on that forever quiet floor;
No fierce upheaval e'er shall cast them back;
No wave shall ever wash them to the shore.

I see them gleaming—beautiful as when
Erewhile they floated, convoys of my fate;
The barques of lovely women, noble men,
Full sailed with hope and stored with love's own freight.

There sleep the earlier triumphs lightly won,
That led ambition to its utmost verge;
And still their vision, like a drowning sun,
Sends up receding splendors through the surge.

The sunken ventures of my heart, as well,
Look up to me as perfect as at dawn;
The golden palace heaves beneath the swell
To meet my touch, and is again withdrawn.

There meet the recognitions, the quick ties
Whence the heart knows its kin wherever cast,
And there the partings, where the wistful eyes
Caress each other as they look their last.

There lie the summer eves, the glorious eves,
The soft, green valleys drenched with light divine;
The lisping murmur of the chestnut leaves,
The hand that lay, the eyes that looked, in mine.

There lives the hour of fear and rapture yet,
The perilled climax of the passionate years;
There still the rains of wan December wet
A naked mound, I cannot see for tears.

There are they all, they do not fade or waste,
Wrapped in the arms of the embalming brine,
More fair than when their being mine embraced,
Of nobler aspect, beauty more divine.

I see them all, but stretch my hand in vain;
No deep sea-plummet reaches where they rest,
No cunning diver shall descend the main
And bring a single jewel from its breast.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Sabianism—Feast of Lanterns, Wine Bottles, Names, &c.

In the book of Job, xxxi. 26, 27, 28, the patriarch, making a solemn protest of his integrity in social duties, uses the following very remarkable language: "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand; this also were an iniquity," &c. Here is found a distinct and beautiful reference to the earliest form of idolatry that was known in the world, and probably the only form existing in the times of Job. But it is the *enticing nature* of this assumption, so plainly acknowledged by the patriarch, that seems most wonderful—an enticement strong enough to prove a real temptation to render to the creature the worship due only to the Creator—leading even to a denial of "the God that is above."

This strange fanaticism, though existing so long ago, has by no means died out, or lost its power to charm. The Parsees or fire-worshippers are still numerous all over Western and Southern Asia; and even among the Chinese are found traces of this seductive system. Under our duller skies we fail to see the "brightness" of the moon, so gloriously resplendent within the tropics; nor does one so fully deprecate the fiery heat of the sun. But to the ardent imagination of the excitable and poetry-loving Oriental, Sabianism is a system that readily wins votaries, and holds them when won with a tenacity that is proof alike against argument and influence. The Chinese worship the sun under the title of the "Great Begetter" or active principle, and the moon as the "Great Producer" or receptive principle. They have no *temples* devoted to the worship of the heavenly bodies; but they have many prayers written out that they recite in their own houses. Sometimes volumes of these prayers are to be met with in the bazaars for sale, and copies are found in almost every family where they are cherished as choice treasures. The day, especially set apart for the worship of the moon, is the 15th day of the 8th Lunar month, about September, when the harvest moon is "walking in brightness." This festival is sometimes called "the feast of lanterns" on account of the innumerable lanterns that sway from the roofs of the houses, and indeed from every point where it is possible to erect a bamboo pole. In regard to the last clause of the 27th verse: "My mouth hath kissed my hand," we may find many illustrations both in China and India at the present day. In the original the words read: "My hand hath kissed my mouth;" and in the Chinese mode of adoration by laying the palms together, and lifting them repeatedly from the body to the mouth we find the very counterpart of the act that seems to be described by Job—as also in that of the Parsees in their fire-worship, and others. Ancient writers also allude to this ceremony. Minutius Felix ridicules Cecilius for kissing his hand as he passed the statue of Serapis; while Apuleius upbraids an impious person with having no respect for the gods, because he went by their temples without putting his hand to his mouth in adoration.

The part which Elihu takes in the controversy between Job and his friends, as noted in the xxxii, and five following chapters, is a striking illustration of some of the customs of Western Asia, where any one who wishes to do so attends when a discussion is in progress. They do not however attempt to take any part in the controversy till they with whom it originated have expressed their views in full. Then any bystander who thinks that erroneous opinions have been advanced, or that the question has not been clearly stated, feels quite at liberty to interpose, claiming and receiving for his views the same respectful attention he has accorded to others. This seems to have been just the course pursued by Elihu, who probably was simply a bystander, and feeling an interest in the controversy had attended to its progress. At last, finding the discussion had ceased, leaving the disputed point still unsettled, he ventures to interpose, apologizing first, for the liberty taken of speaking in the presence of his *elders*. He disapproves alike the impatient restiveness of Job, and the heartless reproofs of the three friends; while he excuses God from giving an account of His ways to man; and exhorts Job to patience and unquestioning submission—evincing throughout his argument a meekness and sincerity that must have been most grateful to the afflicted man, after the unjust recriminations of his hasty and excited opponents.

Elihu's reference to the Oriental custom of keeping and conveying wine in skins, (chap. xxxii. 19,) describes equally well the usages of the present day in the wine countries of Western Asia, and to some extent of Southern Europe.

In Mohammedan countries, where the use of wine is unlawful, it is always kept carefully secreted; but elsewhere the wine stores afford such a display as cannot fail to remind one very strikingly of the many passages in the Bible in which reference is made to these *skin*-bottles. The wine merchants generally keep their stores of this article in large *ox-hides*, which are ranged around the room, supported by frames of wood, and are quite distended with the liquor. These answer the same purpose as the casks of our own country; while the smaller goat and kid skins appear as barrels and kegs by comparison. The small skins are used mainly for the purpose of conveying to customers the quantities of liquor they require. Individuals rarely keep large stocks of wine in their houses, but buy a small skin or two at a time from the wine store, as needed for immediate use. This seems to have been the custom also of the Jews of the olden time; as for example, Nehemiah, who though holding the rank of *governor*, had no considerable store of wine, but received a fresh supply every ten days. (Neh. v. 18.) Skin-bottles were employed also by the Greeks and Romans. Homer mentions goat-skins "tumid with the vine's all-cheering juice"—and Herodotus speaks of wine being conveyed in skin-bottles on the backs of asses.

Paintings from Herculaneum and Pompeii furnish many illustrations of the use of these *skin*-bottles, by the Romans.

Among them is a painting that shows the manner of conveying wine to the consumers. A large ox-hide cask is mounted on a cart, and drawn by horses to the doors of the purchasers, where the liquor is drawn off into *amphoræ* or earthen pitchers, to be conveyed into the house. The neck or one of the legs serves as the bottle's mouth, just as in the skin-bottles now in use in various parts of the East.

In chapter xxxvii. 7, we read: "He (God) sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know His work"—a beautiful Oriental simile, indicating that man is restrained from his usual labors; just as one would speak of the earth as bound by winter's icy cords, &c.

"His (Leviathan or Crocodile's eyes) are like the eyelids of the morning." Chap. xli. 18—a figure used just as the ancient Egyptians employed the eye of this animal as the hieroglyphic to denote the sun's rising—not because of its being of unusual size or brilliancy, but because when the creature rises above the water, the eyes become visible before any other part of the body.

The last passage that will be noticed in connection with this remarkable history, is that containing the names of Job's three daughters—Jemima, *The Day*; Kezia or *Cassia*, the aromatic plant of that name; and Keren-happuch, *The Horn of Stibium*, that is paint such as Eastern women use for coloring the eyes. Orientals make no attempt to conceal any articles used in the adornment of their persons; but speak of them as pleasing topics of familiar converse; and the giving of such names as the above with their peculiar signification, is quite in accordance with the usages of the present day, all over the East.

Natural History Gossip.

Travelling Instinct in Animals.

BY J. K. LORD, F. Z. S.

The French "pigeon post" has recalled attention to a subject that has long had a deep interest for naturalists—the power or instinct animals exhibit of finding their way back to a spot from whence they may have been taken, by a road never before traversed by them.

Pigeons carrying messages or returning long distances to their "cotes," most certainly find their way back by means of sight. This is evidenced by the fact of the long training required, and their inability or disinclination to fly during a fog. But this means of finding out a distant locality cannot apply in the cases we are about to record.

At Vancouver's Island a gentleman had a house on one side of Esquimalt Harbor wherein he and his family resided. They had a favorite cat which was always made a great pet. It so happened that the owner of the house had occasion to change his residence to the other side of the harbor. The distance in a straight line was quite a mile, while to reach the house by making a circuit of the harbor a distance of quite four miles must be travelled, and that through a dense forest of pines thickly undergrown with brushwood. When the family removed from one house to the other, pussy was fastened securely into a basket and taken in a boat across the harbor, and was not let out of her prison until she was secured in a room at her new residence.

It is quite clear in this case the cat could not have seen anything of the route followed by water from house to house. Strange as it may seem, she made her escape during the night, and when on the day following her removal some of the family returned for articles left behind, there was pussy, somewhat dirty and tired, but in perfect safety. Now she could only have reached the old residence in two ways—either by swimming the harbor, which is by no means probable, or she found her way through the forest, where she had never been before, and through thick underbrush, without any trail or path to guide her; and what makes the matter far more wonderful is the fact that the cat must have passed close to an Indian village round which a large number of half-wild dogs were always prowling.

There is another story of somewhat similar character told of a cat, which is, I believe, well-authenticated. "When living," says the writer, "at Four Paths, Clarendon, Jamaica, I wanted a cat, and had one given to me, which was nearly full-grown: it was brought from Morgan's Valley Estate, where it was bred, and had never been removed from that place before. The distance was five miles. It was put into a canvas bag and carried by a man on horseback. Between the two places there were two rivers, one of them eighty feet broad and two and a half deep, running strong; the other is wider, and more rapid, but less deep. Over these rivers are no bridges. The cat was shut up at Four Paths for some days, and when considered to be reconciled to her new dwelling she was allowed to go about the house. The day after obtaining her liberty she was missing, and upon my next visiting the estate she was brought from, I was quite amazed to learn that the cat had come back again. Did she swim over the rivers at the fords, where the horse came through with her, or did she ascend the banks for a considerable distance in search of a more shallow place, and where the stream was less powerful? At all events, she must have crossed the rivers, in opposition to her natural habits."

I myself once had a favorite spaniel, called Sport. He was lent to a friend, who came to fetch him. Sport was placed in a dog-cart, and driven to my friend's residence, a distance of over twenty miles. The cart was so made that air could freely get in for the dog to breathe, but by no possibility could any part of the road be seen during the journey. On his arrival Sport was tied up with a rope under the manger in the stable. During the night the dog gnawed his rope, made his escape through a broken window, and he was discovered early in the morning succeeding his departure sitting weary, hungry and bedraggled outside the door of my own residence. Now the question which naturally presents itself is, how did the dog find his way back along a road, not one foot of which he had ever seen before? The remembrance of particular objects noted by the way could not have guided the dog, simply because he had no opportunity afforded him of seeing them.

I once, while living in the Far West, rode a horse from my camp across a prairie to an encampment of squatters, a distance of more than twenty miles. A river of some width was crossed on the route, the horse being ferried over in a large boat. The animal had never travelled the road previously, nor had it ever run upon the prairie, and yet during the night it contrived to break its tether line, and in the dark to find its way back to our camp; and what is more strange, the horse actually swam the stream it had, during the day, been ferried over in a boat. By what means, it may be asked, did the horse contrive to find its way over a grassy waste, never trodden by it previously, to a given point so far distant? There was no path or trail, and in the dark the horse could not, except by smelling, have retraced its own footprints.

Many similar anecdotes are on record, to which the following authenticated cases may be added. A horse was turned out in some marshes adjoining the Thames. The distance in a straight line from his owner's house was only a few miles, but he had to be sent a long way round to cross the bridge. In less than twenty-four hours he made his appearance at the stable-door dripping wet, having swam the river and taken a straight line home.

During the life of the celebrated sportsman the late Sir Richard Sutton, a draft of young hounds was sent up to London, by wagon, from the kennel near Lincoln, and there put on board a vessel to go abroad. While the ship was dropping down the Thames one of them jumped overboard and swam ashore. Some weeks after it made its appearance at the kennel half-starved, and covered with bites bestowed upon it by its more fortunate fellows. I regret to have to add that it was killed immediately, so many valuable hounds having recently been destroyed in that pack by madness, that the huntsman was afraid to take it in.

Some years since a dog fox was run to ground on Hathfield Heath, near Ashford, Kent. When dug out he was found to have some remarkable white spots about him, therefore the Earl of Thanet had him sent to his seat in Westmoreland—Appleby Castle—a distance of 300 miles, and turned down. A fortnight afterwards the same fox was killed near Hathfield—his native place.

"Not very long ago," says one writer, "I saw a cow bought at a farm auction. About six o'clock in the evening she was sent off home by the purchaser, and was placed in the yard, a distance of fifteen miles from her former home. At six o'clock the next morning she was found back in her old shed, quietly chewing the cud, and waiting to be milked as usual.

"I once purchased a brood of ducklings, about a month old, without the hen that hatched them. I took them home and placed them, as I thought safely, in a pig-pound. In the morning I found they were all gone, and I discovered them snugly huddled together at their old quarters, at the other end of the village, in the nest in which they were hatched. A laborer told me he had met them in the street, homeward bound, at four o'clock A. M., as he was going to work. They had not been off the premises where they were bred before."

There seems no doubt that Providence has bestowed on animals an instinct which we do not possess, and can therefore with difficulty comprehend or explain. By this instinct birds of passage find their way to the remotest regions, and return to their old haunts, guided by some power beyond that of sight or other outward senses.

What Girls Should Drink.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in his book "Our Girls," says:

I am astonished that a young woman who is ambitious of a clear, fine skin should drink tea. It is a great enemy to fair complexion. As soon as tea drinking becomes a regular habit, the eye of the discriminating observer detects it in the skin. Tea compromises the complexion, probably, by deranging the liver. Weak tea or coffee may be used occasionally, in moderate quantity, without harm; and those who live much in the open air, and are occupied with hard work, may drink either, in considerable quantities, without noticeable harm; but I advise all young women who would preserve a soft, clear skin and quiet nerves, to avoid all drink but cold water. It is an excellent practice to drink one or two glasses of cold water on lying down at night, and on rising in the morning. If you have good teeth, and can help the food into your stomach without using any fluids, except the saliva, it will, in the long run, contribute much to your health.

☞ Harriet Martineau has written and published together not less, it is said, than 300 volumes and pamphlets, nearly half of them since she was 50 years of age.

ELLEN'S VALENTINE.

I.

It was the morn of Valentine,
The breakfast-cups were set,
And round the snowy table-cloth
A merry group had met,
With pleasant jest and laughter,
Discussing tea and toast;
When, hark! a knock announced
The arrival of the Post.
Plenty for Cousin Charlie,
And others great and small,
But only one for Ellen,
The tiniest of them all,
Outside, all fringe and lacework,
Within, a single line—
"Your heart will tell you who it is
That sends this valentine."
I could not see her clearly,
Her face was somehow hid;
But she *said* she "didn't know the hand."
I wonder if she did?

II.

'Twas ten o'clock, and Ellen
Was dressing for the ball,
All satin, lace, and muslin,
Jewels, and Cashmere shawl.
And next she was entwining
A camelia in her hair,
When pit-a-pat two little feet
Came dancing up the stair.
"Oh, Ellie—sister Ellie!
This basket's come for you;
And I know it's something pretty:
Let *me* unpack it—do!"
Within a wreath lies nestling
Red rosebuds, mixed with white,
And all with violets interlaced;
In scotch, a pretty sight.
Attached—"Wear this, dear Ellen,
That you-know-who may guess,
Though you would not speak this morning,
That the answer meant was—'Yes!'"
Fair Ellen shut the basket,
And turned from red to white.
"I've half a mind to send it back—
'Twould really serve him right;
And yet"—She opened it again,
And then she closed the lid,
And thought she wouldn't wear it.
I wonder if she did?

III.

A year has passed, and Ellen
Graces a happy home;
And round again in order
Her wedding day has come.
Quoth Ellen to her husband,
"Do put your book away,
And come and see my treasures
On this, our Wedding-day."
Lightly she tripped before him,
With—"Now, sir, follow me!"
And led him to her cabinet,
And bade him turn the key.
Within are chains and bracelets,
And pearls and jewels rare,
A tiny lacework envelope,
And a lock of curly hair:
In the midst, a little casket,
She gently raised the lid—
"Do you know those roses, Charlie?"
I wonder if he did?

Spanish Women.

BY JOHN HAY.

It is the smallness of incomes and the necessity of looking sharply to the means of life that makes the young people of Madrid so prudent in their love affairs. I know of no place where ugly heiresses are such belles, and where young men with handsome incomes are so universally esteemed by all who know them. The stars on the sleeves of young officers are more regarded than their dancing, and the red belt of a field officer is as winning in the eyes of beauty as a cestus of Venus. A subaltern offered his hand and heart to a black-eyed girl of Castile. She said kindly but firmly that the night was too cloudy. "What!" said the stupefied lover, "the sky is full of stars."

"I see but one," said the prudent beauty, her fine eyes resting pensively upon his cuff, where one lone luminary indicated his rank.

The spirit is really one of forethought, and not evasion. People who have enough for two almost always marry from inclination, and frequently take partners for life without a penny.

If men were never henpecked except by learned wives, Spain would be the place of all others for timid men to marry in. The girls are bright, vivacious, and naturally very clever, but they have scarcely any education whatever. They never know the difference between *b* and *v*. They throw themselves in orthography entirely upon your benevolence. They know a little music and a little French, but they have never crossed, even in a school-day excursion, the border line of the elogies. They do not even read novels. They are regarded as injurious, and cannot be trusted to the daughters until mamma has read them. Mamma never has time to read them, and so they are condemned by default. Fernan Caballero, in one of her sleepy little romances, refers to this illiterate character of the Spanish ladies, and says it is their chief charm—that a Christian woman in good society, ought not to know anything beyond her cookery book and her missal. There is an old proverb which coarsely conveys this idea: "A mule that whinnies and a woman that talks Latin never come to any good." There is a contented acquiescence in this moral servitude among the fair Spaniards which would madden our agitatresses.

It must be the innocence which springs from ignorance that induces an occasional coarseness of expression which surprises you in the conversation of these lovely young girls. They will speak with perfect freedom of the stat-civil of a young unmarried mother. A maiden of fifteen said to me: "I must go to a party this evening *decollettee*, and I hate it. Benigo is getting old enough to marry, and he wants to see all the girls in low neck before he makes up his mind." They all swear like troopers, without a thought of profanity. Their mildest expression of surprise is *Jesus Maria!* They change their oaths with the season. At the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the favorite oath is Maria Purissima. This is the time of especial interest to young girls. It is a period of compulsory confession—conscience-cleaning, as they call it. They are all very pious in their way. They attend to their religious duties with the same interest which they displayed a few years before in dressing and undressing their dolls, and will display a few years later in putting the lessons they learned with their dolls to a more practical use.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Mrs. Flockett's Family.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH
(AUGUST BELL.)

CHAPTER I.

On one of the oldest, oddest, narrowest streets of the town stood Mrs. Polly Flockett's little gray house, with its mossy and weather-beaten sides. It was built on an almost triangular bit of land as if to make use of every inch left by the larger buildings which stood next and shaded it, but it held its own character and footing among them, with a sort of nil desperandum air, even after the clapboards began to loosen, and the window casings to rattle. Twenty years ago, when Captain Silas Flockett's ship sailed to far-off seas and never came home again, foundered none knew where, after her first wild passion of grief his wife looked round on the little children left clinging to her, and did the best she could. She had a shop-window built out from what had been her cosy little parlor, and she hung a shop-bell at her door, then, buying in a small stock of ribbons, flowers, and bonnet frames, patterns, gimps, and fringes, she put out a bright new sign-board, "Mrs. P. Flockett, bonnets and dresses made here." And so she took up the burden of her life.

The years went on and on and did their work. The sign-board became dingy and creaked in the wind, the little stock of goods was used, replaced, and added to, while customers came and went. The house grew old and needed repairs, but the receipts of the little shop were barely enough for the children's food and clothing, so the messes grew on the leaky roof unchecked, and the hearthstones sank away in their places, cracks came in the ceiling overhead, and here and there were loose boards in the floor. Grief at her husband's loss had worn upon Mrs. Polly Flockett and made her old before her time. Like so many widows in our seaport towns there was a sort of wild pathos about her look, her figure, most noticeable when the winds were high, and the storms beat loud, as if she were thinking of what the sea had torn from her. But grief may put a strain of sweetness, of pathos, into a character, and yet not change the character itself very much after all, and she who had been Captain Flockett's gay, gossipping, wilful young wife, affectionate to the heart's core, yet proud and imperious, still retained, through all her troubles, enough of these traits to make herself loved or feared throughout the neighborhood. She might be poor, she might be shabby, she might be growing feeble; her bowed shoulders and gray hair made her look ten years older than she was, but Mrs. Polly Flockett would be herself to the last with her warm heart, her quick tongue, and her unreasoning wilfulness.

I must just tell you the state of her household at this time before fairly entering on the incidents of my story. Her eldest boy, Hobart, had been a rover from his youth, a cabin boy at fifteen, a sailor before the mast at eighteen, he had circumnavigated the globe two or three times, and now at thirty was running a little fishing-smack from port to port along the coast, and might do well yet, people said, for all he had been a "rolling stone" all his days. Then there was Jane, who had married a poor man over in Norwich and had died after a few years, leaving a little crippled girl who came to her grandmother Flockett for a home, and never had left it. Then came Harry, his mother's pride and *darling*, the bright, handsome sailor of twenty-five, who had been gone three years on a whaling voyage, and might be gone three more his last letter said, for the captain had changed ships at Honolulu. He was the fairy genius in all his mother's dreams, she was sure Harry would come home and make them all rich some day, though meanwhile very little of his pay ever reached her. The steadiest one of the family was poor George who had learned the carpenter's trade, but just as he began to get good wages he had fallen from a crazy scaffolding, and now was laid up at home with a broken leg. There was one more in the family, Hetty, a gay, handsome girl of twenty, the very picture of what her mother was before her, the old gossips said. Certainly she was wilful and winsome enough. Hetty worked in a milliner's shop up town which suited her better than her mother's dingy front room with its old-fashioned counter and decaying trade.

One evening—it was a windy, rainy evening in October—Mrs. Polly Flockett stood with three old silk bonnets and two plain straws heaped up in her arms, scolding vigorously at Hetty, who sat by the kitchen fire deftly making up a little cap of lace and ribbon.

"I can't help it, mother!" said Hetty, obstinately. "I can't do your work and Mrs. Mossie's too. Didn't I have to bring home this cap or else stay after hours? and I *must* have a little time to myself."

"Don't tell me, you lazy thing!" said Mrs. Flockett, going on regardless. "You might make over those bonnets in two hour; and trim Sarah Peeke' girls' hats into the bargain. And they all want them to-morrow—old Mrs. Dyer has *got* to have hers to wear to the funeral. It's the busiest time of the year!"

"That's just it, mother!" replied Hetty, impatiently; "and Mrs. Mossie has more than I can do, unless I kill myself working. I've told you hundreds of times, if you can't do your work, you must get an apprentice."

"I've had enough of them—the worthless things!" exclaimed Mrs. Flockett, while her indignation shook her very cap border. She was going on with still greater vehemence, when the shop bell rang sharply, and hastily dropping the bonnets from her withered hands, she hurried out, closing the kitchen door after her.

"Another old bonnet to be made over by to-morrow, I'll venture!" said Hetty, laughing in spite of herself—but it struck her that it sounded like a strange voice, and she began to be curious.

After a few minutes Mrs. Flockett came back into the kitchen, followed by a pleasant-faced girl with honest blue eyes, and smiling lips.

"I found her at the door all dripping wet," said old Mrs. Flockett, hustling vigorously around for an empty chair. "She's come clear from Glaster, looking for work—and I'm going to keep her a week to help me."

"Oh, how nice that is!" said Hetty, cordially, and she made room for the stranger by the fire. "I liked her the first glance!" she said afterwards.

The young girl looked about her with marked interest, while Mrs. Polly Flockett was setting the teapot on the stove, and getting bread and butter from the closet. Her eyes roved from corner to corner, from the quaint cupboard over the mantle, to the old buffet on carved legs, and the almanac hanging on the nail by the window. She noticed the low creaked ceiling, the ancient clock, the braided rug, the couch where George lay listlessly silent, poor little mis-shapen Janie sitting shyly on a cricket watching the fire—and then her glance came back with pleased interest to Hetty's graceful, rounded outlines and piquant profile as she frowned over the little cap and bowed up the bits of ribbon hastily.

"What's your name?" asked Hetty, suddenly; "if we're going to be friends, I want to know what to call you."

"Mary Lisle," answered the young girl, with a deep blush, or perhaps it was the heat of the fire that made her face so red, for Mrs. Flockett, was poking the coals vigorously.

"I want to know!" said the old lady, pausing on her poker, "any relation to the Lisles in Norwich, that went from this town?"

"Oh, no, I think not!" replied the girl.

"I don't believe you be—they ain't very smart, that's all I can say," said Mrs. Polly Flockett, warming up. "I know all about them—they're a shiftless set; good-natured enough, I'll allow—but come to look in their houses, they haven't a bit of foresight. They're almost clear run out. One of the brothers, he went to Hawaii, and died there?"

"To Hawaii!" said Mary, starting ever so little, and almost spilling her tea.

"Yes, away off in the Sandwich Islands, where the savages live. It's a queer place, my son Harry has writ home about it, he says 'tain't as bad as we paint, but to my thinking there's no good where there's Indians. Yes, Joe Lisle, he went there, let me see, thirty year ago, and after awhile I heard he was dead. I don't know how the news came, for he never wrote home a single letter. He wasn't a successful man, always failing whatever he undertook."

"Well, I don't know as we're so very successful ourselves, mother," said Hetty, springing up and putting away the finished cap. "My work's done, and I'm going over to Nell Nye's a little while.

"Always gadding about! It's no sort of night to be out!" said her mother querulously, but Hetty flung on shawl and hood, and was off in a trice. "To be sure, it might as well be to Nell's as anywhere," the old lady went on. "She lives just round the corner, and is as pretty a girl as there is in town! I ought to know, she comes in here often enough, and always asks about Harry. Lor, don't you suppose I can tell which way the wind blows? Not as I've any objection if so it should be, for the old man Nye is well to do, and they're a right smart family."

Mary Lisle by this time had finished her supper, and laid the cup and saucer away. She looked a little tired and dispirited as was natural, after travelling so far to find herself among strangers who might or might not prove congenial. But it was with a pleasant smile still that she turned to Mrs. Polly Flockett and asked if she could help her any about the shop-work that evening.

"Dear me, yes, child! I shall only be too thankful if you will. There's Mrs. Dyer's black bonnet, I'm afraid to leave it till morning. The funeral, her son's funeral, is at twelve o'clock. Could you trim that up with folds of crape, think, to-night? It's a bombazine bonnet."

"O, yes," said Mary readily, though perhaps she would have preferred something less gloomy than mourning weeds at this first entrance on her new life. She took the bonnet and began to re-model it with quick, skilful fingers, while little Janie, apparently re-assured after a long scrutiny of the stranger, drew her small cricket closer, and picked up the bits of crape as they fell to the floor.

"Good little girl!" said Mary, patting her head kindly, and the poor little heart was completely won.

George had been watching her from his couch with a sort of half-interest.

"I learned my trade up to Gloster," he said at last," and I never heard of any Lisles living there."

"Perhaps you did not make the acquaintance of every single individual in that crowded town!" retorted Mary with a gleam of sauciness which overcame George, and he replied meekly that perhaps he didn't.

"Well, I never see the beat on't!" said Mrs. Polly Flockett, well pleased. "You're going to make a right handsome thing of that bonnet. I couldn't have done it better myself! My poor eyes don't let me work nights." And she wiped her spectacles pathetically on her handkerchief.

"O, I'm used to it, it's my trade!" said Mary smiling, as she ripped out the old oil skin lining, and put in a fresh one.

"Mind about the pins!" said the old lady, anxiously. "Mind about the pins! Mrs. Dyer's dreadful particular about the pins. I remember her saying as long ago as when I was a girl, it was enough for her to have her conscience pricked by the sermon on Sunday, without having her head pricked too by a pin in her bonnet!"

The ancient clock ticked hoarsely on, and at last struck nine. The fire was getting low, and the oil lamp needed "picking up," when in burst Hetty at the back door, her dark eyes gleaming, and her cheeks all in a crimson glow as if she had walked fast. She threw off her damp shawl and sat down by the table.

"I see you've been doing wonders!" she said, carelessly looking at Mary Lisle's work. "Got mother Dyer's bonnet done, and one of those Peck hats! That rose bud looks quite pretty in the black lace. Mother, I should think you'd be ashamed to let her work so the first evening when she's tired. She's going to sleep with me, isn't she? Can't we have this lamp and go up to bed now?"

"Not till you tell me what made you so late home, mim!" said Mrs. Polly, with a faint show of authority. "What were they doing over to Nell Nye's to keep you? Did you come alone?"

"As if I'd be afraid to walk that little way alone!" exclaimed Nell evasively, and catching up a lamp she told Mary Lisle to follow her and bring her things with her. Mary said "good-night" in her pleasant voice, and the two left the room.

"That's a right smart girl!" said George. "She isn't any older than Hetty, should you think she was, mother?"

"I love her, she's so nice!" said little Jane from her corner.

"Mercy me!" cried Mrs. Polly Flockett. "You've kept so still I forgot you was up—go right to bed this minute, Jane! Yes, the girl's well enough. I'm dreadful thankful to have some help on those bonnets. Here, George, I'll fix those bandages now, and you go to sleep!"

Hetty and Mary went up the creaking stairs to the little chamber above the kitchen where they were to sleep. Mary looked curiously around the room, and her eye rested on two stiff school-boy daguerreotypes fastened up against the wall.

"My brothers' likenesses," said Hetty, noticing her glance, "Hobart and Harry, taken years ago, when Hobart was seventeen and Harry was twelve. Don't they look old-fashioned?"

Mary examined them both with apparent interest, as if she would like to know all the members of the family she had entered so suddenly.

When the girls were both in bed, and the light put out, with only the moon rays streaming over the floor, each one soon breathed regularly feigning sleep, and each one was deceived by the other. Mary Lisle fell into slumber first, for she was really very tired, but Hetty lay awake till after the moon went down and it was nearly midnight.

CHAPTER II.

"O, Mrs. Flockett, Mrs. Flockett," cried Nell Nye, running into the little shop one day all in a flutter, while one small white hand held the side of her blue dress in a tight grasp. "Do see what a misfortune and take pity on me! I just started out to make some calls, and the baker's stupid boy ran against me with his wheelbarrow, and tore out half the gathers in my skirt. Can't you mend it somehow for me, just till I get home again?"

"Yes indeed, Nellie," said Mrs. Polly Flockett, bustling eagerly about. "Here, Mary, some quick with your needle and thread, and catch up those gathers. This is Mary Lisle, Miss Nye, my new shop girl."

Mary Lisle had been there about a week, and had already made herself indispensable, not only in the shop, but in the kitchen, so willing and helpful was she.

Nell Nye spoke a quick pleasant word to Mary as she bent forward to repair the torn dress, and then went on chatting gayly with Mrs. Flockett, who hovered about her with evident partiality.

"And when did you hear from Harry?" she asked at last in her light voluble way. "I do hope you have heard since I was here. How is he, and when is he coming home?"

"I haven't heard a word," said Mrs. Flockett, shaking her head regretfully. "You know ship letters are so uncertain, but I'll let you know as soon as I do bear, Nellie, and I'll tell Harry when I write how good you are to remember him. Harry was always so fond of you!" And the poor old lady looked knowingly over her spectacles.

"Oh, dear, yes, Harry and I were always friends," said Nell Nye, blushing. "Dear me, Miss Lisle, do let me help you, you have snarled your thread dreadfully! And Hobart—Hobart is doing well, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, Hobart's doing very well now; he's coming home in a few weeks to see us. He may have heard from Harry since we have."

"Perhaps he may," assented Nell, and then she ran on in a joyous light-hearted way, talking on a dozen subjects, which Mrs. Flockett joined in with the greatest interest—and Mary Lisle listened, amused, in spite of herself.

She was very pretty, this Nell Nye, with her rippling golden hair and sunny hazel eyes. She was always full of fun and frolic, and was the pet and delight of all her friends. There was not a more popular girl in the town; and Mrs. Polly Flockett would have good fortune for once in her life, the gossips said, if it should really be a match between Nell and Harry.

After Nell tripped way, Mrs. Flockett went on talking, while Mary re-arranged the ribbons in the glass show-case.

"She's a pretty girl, ain't she, Mary?" demanded the old lady, "and a smart girl too, and a rich one. Now I want Harry to marry rich—he ought to, it'll be the setting of him up in the world. You never saw a handsomer couple than they two, at the great Christmas party the last time he was home; and they danced the polky, or whatever you call it, till every one else was glad to sit down before they thought of stopping. Nell's father owns ships, and can make Harry a captain. Why, Mary, where are you going? Did you hear George calling?"

"I think it is time he had his tonic," said Mary, going into the little old kitchen, to which she had now become well accustomed. She had somehow become a help in everything—and George said not one of the rest waited on him so skilfully, they all set his nerves ajar but Mary. As for poor little Janie, debarred from all children's games and gay out-door life, she found Mary Lisle a perfect godsend. She told the child no end of wonderful stories that fed her starved fancy—she held the poor little figure in her lap, and petted her—one gave her love and brightened her narrow bit of world.

The afternoon passed away, and when it was almost dusk, Mary said she would walk out and meet Hetty who would soon be coming, and at the same time she could deliver a bonnet that had just been finished. So she started out with the bandbox under her arm. She had as yet only learned two or three of the streets, but the main one of the town led to Mrs. Mossie's store, and Hetty had shown her that. As she walked rapidly along and was just getting in sight of the bonnet store, she suddenly noticed a young man, remarkably handsome, but with a slightly dissipated air, coming up a side street, and in an instant more he passed directly in front of her. She lowered her veil instantly in alarm and surprise.

"It is Mr. Chiselhurst!" she said to herself. "Why is *he* here in this town?" She watched him as he walked on before her, and was taken aback to see him enter Mrs. Mossie's store.

"I must not see him!" she thought; "I will carry this bonnet, and wait around here a little till he goes, or till Hetty comes out."

So she fulfilled her errand, and lingered about, till with increasing dismay she saw Hetty come away from the shop, looking very handsome and coquettish, with the gentleman at her side, laughing and talking. Mary dashed down a by-way, and turned two or three corners hurriedly, thinking only how to escape Hetty's eye. By that time she had fairly lost herself in a strange part of the town, but having a clear head of her own, she soon came out on the main street again, and hastened home. Hetty had got there before her, and was in high good humor, singing little songs, and helping her mother get supper.

"Why, where have you been?" they exclaimed, as Mary entered, breathless.

She told them simply that she had missed her way, at which there were a few ejaculations, and then the matter passed over. The name of Mr. Chiselhurst was not mentioned, and Hetty said nothing of having any company on the way home.

But a few days after George, who had ventured out a little way on his crutches for the first time, said suddenly as they were all sitting at supper,

"Mother, Will Chiselhurst has got home. I saw him to-day."

"He has!" exclaimed the old lady. "Well, he's a regular bad penny! I wonder if he fell in with our Harry at any of the ports!"

"No; I asked him," said George; "He was at Honolulu a short time, but his ship must have left there just before the 'Wild Wave' got in."

"I wonder if his voyage has done him any good!" said Mrs. Polly Flockett, relapsing into her gossiping vein. "His folks sent him to sea to cure him of drinking, and they say he was carried aboard in a drunken fit, so he didn't know where he was till the ship started and the pilot boat had come back. That's what they say. I don't know how true 'tis; his mother holds her head up as proud as ever, but everybody knows her handsome son makes her heart ache."

"Then they are some of your town's people?" asked Mary, speaking for the first time and a little nervously. Hetty toyed impatiently with her knife and fork.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Flockett, "I have known them all my days, root and branch. They are always handsome as pictures, and always have a bad streak in 'em! Whoever marries a Chiselhurst lives to rue the day!"

"I don't think you're very Christian-like, mother," interrupted Hetty, rather fiercely. "I thought it was our duty to have charity, and not backbite our neighbors!"

"Hoity toity, Hetty Flockett!" exclaimed her mother. "What has set *you* to defend the Chiselhursts? That's just as much as girls know.

'What they will to others do they'll do to thee and thine;
And what they have done once they'll do the second time!'

"And now you mind me, Hetty Flockett, and don't you ever have anything to do with Will Chiselhurst or any of his kin!"

Hetty finished her supper in silence after that, and then went to work on a handsome little scarlet hood she was making for herself. Mary Lisle, with an unusually preoccupied air, helped clear away the table, and then took up some ruches she had begun to quill for the shop. Little Jane drew her cricket close by her, and laid her head in her lap.

"How natural it looks to see Mary sitting there, don't it, mother?" asked George, as he watched her from the couch. "It almost seems as if she had always belonged here."

"She is always going to belong here now," said Mrs. Polly Flockett, decidedly. "I don't know what we should do without her. I declare, Mary," she went on with one of her warm, hearty impulses, "I am getting so I think about as much of you as I would of an own daughter!"

There were starting tears in Mary Lisle's eyes as she looked up in the careworn face that was now kind and motherly. It seemed to her that for the first time in many years she had a real home.

"I love you too," she said, tremblingly. "I am very happy, and I was very lonely before. I wish you would let me call you mother!"

"You shall, you shall, poor child!" cried Mrs. Polly Flockett, hurrying to get her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe away the drop that would come into her own eyes.

But Mary looked thoughtful as she went on working at the ruches. "What would they say if they knew all!" was the anxious whisper of her heart.

CHAPTER III.

The winter months came on and the days grew short and cold, but Mrs. Polly Flockett kept a bright fire on her hearth, and bustled about in shop and kitchen as she had always done. George had begun to work again, and Hetty was busier than ever at Mrs. Mossie's, at least she seemed to come home later and later every day, till her mother declared impatiently that the table should not be kept waiting, and Hetty must get her supper from the cupboard as she could. Nell Nye ran in very often in her sunshiny way, and seemed to take a great fancy to Mary Lisle, who reciprocated it rather shyly. Mary had become like one of the household now, and carried their cares in her heart. But her chief anxiety was about Hetty, Hetty whom she saw growing fitful and moody, obliging and gay as a lark one day, and gloomy and wilful the next. Could it be that she still met Will Chiselhurst? Mary feared so.

"What shall I do! What shall I do!" she asked herself again and again. "Is it my duty to warn her?"

While things stood thus, suddenly one day without warning Hobart came home. He was doing a first-rate business with his smack he said, but it was so long since he had seen "the folks," he thought he would run down for a few days and visit them. He was tall, broad shouldered, and sailor like, with plain bluff manners, and a good, honest face, Mary liked him at once, and he seemed instinctively to feel friendly towards her, so that they were on good terms the very first day.

"I declare!" said Mrs. Flockett peering at them over her spectacles, "I shouldn't wonder——." But there she broke down, and her idea developed itself in her mind in silence.

On the afternoon of the same day, Mary having gone to the shop window to arrange some goods, Nell Nye came by, and seeing her ran in.

"It's an age since I've seen you!" she exclaimed with a gay little kiss. "Who's that talking in the next room, Mary? Any of the neighbors?"

"Mrs. Flockett's son has come home," replied Mary, not saying which son, and looking narrowly at Nell as she spoke.

"Which is it?" asked Nell, a vivid scarlet rushing into her face. "Do you mean Harry or Hobart?"

"Hobart," said Mary turning away.

"O, Hobart, is it," said Nell. "Well then, I must go in a minute and see if he remembers me! Come, Mary!" And the girls went together into the little sitting-room, where Hobart was laughing and talking, while at the same time with skilful hands he was whittling out a pine stick doll for Janie, who sat enraptured on his knee.

"Welcome home, Hobart!" said Nell. He started up as well as he could, and shook hands with her. Evidently Nell was a favorite with him as well as with the rest of the family.

"Why, where have you been, Nell?" asked Mrs. Flockett. "It's full a week since I've seen you!"

"O, I've been over to Norwich visiting aunt Wheat," said Nell, "and only came home this morning.—Aunt Wheat sent her love to you."

"Sally Wheat and I were old friends," said Mrs. Flockett, "but what did you say, Nell? Didn't get home till this morning! Why, Hetty said last night she was going to spend the evening with you, and she didn't get home till ten o'clock!"

"That's odd!" replied Nell, "She must have made her visit with mother, then. Mother is always glad to see Hetty; but I wonder she didn't tell me of her being there. By the way, Mrs. Flockett, mother wants to know if you can spare her a little saffron?"

Mrs. Flockett, who prided herself on her bundles of herbs, got up quickly and began to rummage in her closet for the saffron, forgetting everything else. Hobart talked a little quietly with Nell, who stooped to pet Janie, and promised her to dress the pine stick doll. But Mary, thoroughly startled, stood at the window like one spell-bound, asking herself in an agony of apprehension, where Hetty had spent the previous evening. She remembered how she had come in at ten, her cheeks flushed with bright color, and her dark eyes softer and more luminous than usual. Mary did not believe she had been sitting for three hours with poor sickly Mrs. Nye.

"Heaven forgive me for my cowardice!" she said deep in her heart. "This shall not be permitted to go on for another day!"

Nell turned suddenly, and saw her standing there.

"What a picture you make, Mary!" she exclaimed, gayly, "only almost too Puritan-like, with your smooth hair and serious blue eyes, and checked apron! Come, I'm going to make you as pretty as a princess; I see just how I can do it!"

And springing up in her merry way, she overcame Mary's faint resistance, and undoing her smoothly banded hair, let it fall in all its yellow length and thickness upon her shoulders.

"Now see me make the waviness come back into it!" she cried, lightly separating and tossing it in her fingers. "There, isn't it a shame to strain, and tie, and braid such hair as that? Why, Mary, you're a little beauty! isn't she, Hobart—isn't she, Mrs. Flockett?"

A rosy blush had flown into Mary's fair face and tinted her delicate throat as she stood half smiling and half ashamed.

"Why, Mary, you *are* a prettier girl than I thought for!" said Mrs. Polly Flockett, bluntly, peering at her over her spectacles as she came back from the closet, saffron in hand.

Hobart said nothing, he only looked at the girls and smiled.

"Now I'm going to show you how to put your hair up properly!" said Nell, manipulating it with skilful fingers. "See, I am making you look like a belle instead of a nun. I'll show you how to do it yourself, Mary."

"I know how," said Mary, quietly: "I used to do it very much in that way myself, until lately."

"Until lately! and why not now?" demanded Nell.

"Oh, I hardly know," murmured Mary, in some confusion; "I thought it was not suitable."

"Not suitable!" exclaimed Mrs. Flockett, flaring up; "and why not, I should like to know? Suppose you are poor, and a shop girl; I think as much of you as I do of Hetty or Nell—and I want to see you look as pretty as Nature made you."

"Very well," said Mary, with a little smile, "I will do just as you say!"

Nell stayed a few minutes longer, chatting in her light, cheerful way; and when she went, Hobart, taking his hat, went with her. He wanted to see something of the old familiar streets, he said.

An hour later he returned with Hetty—he and Nell had gone as far as Mrs. Mossie's, it seemed, and Hetty's day's work being done, they had all come away together. "I am thankful for that," thought Mary, "that gives me till to-morrow.

Hetty did not go out again that evening; she was in one of her bright gracious moods, without a touch of the petulance that of late she had often shown. They gathered around the warm kitchen fire after tea, a happy group together.

"A real family party!" said Mrs. Polly Flockett, as she sat knitting vigorously. "Now if poor dear Harry were only at home too, we would send over for Nell Nye, and be all together again!"

"And why not send for Nell as it is, mother?" asked Hobart, looking up from the paper he was reading.

"O, you know as well as I do, Hobart," said his mother. "If Harry was here, Nell would come by rights. They're almost as good as engaged!"

"You still cling to that crotchet, mother?" retorted Hobart, in an unbelieving tone.

"Of course I do, and I've got my reasons," said the old lady, nodding her head wisely. "I've always suspected, and now I'm sure! She's had a letter from Harry!"

Mrs. Flockett saw she had produced an impression. Hobart started, Hetty exclaimed, and even Mary looked up with unusual interest.

"Now don't go to telling her," went on Mrs. Flockett, cautiously, "for you see she don't know that I know anything about it. It was when she and Mary were fooling together there by the window, and I saw a bit of blue paper folded up lying on the floor right by Nell. I thought maybe it was that recipe for eye water I'd lost, so I picked it up and looked, and there was Harry's writing as plain as day, 'Keep up a brave heart, darling, I am doing well, and please heaven shall come home to you soon.' I didn't read another word. I just dropped the paper down again where it was, and turned my back, and next time I looked around it was gone. She had picked it up."

Mrs. Polly Flockett looked around triumphantly; she had proved her point. Hobart returned silently to his newspaper, and Hetty broke into exclamations.

"I'm perfectly amazed!" she cried, laughing. "To think Nell should have been so sly and kept it all to herself, and we as intimate as sisters! I'll never say that Nell can't keep a secret!"

"Take care you never have any worse ones yourself," said her mother sharply, and Hetty flinched, as if the word struck home. They were all quieter after that, and little Janie, hushing her pine doll on her knee, wondered why they had all grown so dull.

Mary excused herself early that evening, earlier than Hetty, and going up to their room alone, she wrapped herself in a shawl to keep off the cold, and sat by the little table a long time, crying and laughing over the contents of a letter she drew from her pocket, a letter she had taken *from* the office two days before.

"O darling, darling, come soon!" she murmured over and over. "It is so long to wait!"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Herve Riel.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

In the following vivid and picturesque poem, the poet rescues from oblivion the name of a hero who will thus owe his immortality to Robert Browning, as the brave boy Casabianca owes his to Mrs. Hemans.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis tickish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide,
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!—
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard:
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting-pilot he, Herve Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Herve Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Greve, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Greve,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries Herve Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Herve Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Greve:
Hearts that bleed are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Herve Riel,"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Herve Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Herve Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Herve Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

MY LODGER'S WIFE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

The alarm from Fenian outbreaks is too recent to require any description here, even if I were capable of writing one; but as a plain widow woman—which I am—I have no pretension to write history. I only know that down at Weymouth, as well as everywhere else, we were always being startled by some fresh report of what the Fenians had done, or were going to do, generally the latter; this was common to all places, but we had special interest in them at Weymouth, because most of the men, when convicted, were sent to Portland, and we sometimes caught a sight of them on the platform of our station, when they were changed to the little branch-line. I suppose almost everybody who reads these words knows that Portland island is only two or three miles from our town, and that there are nearly two thousand convicts there. They have built the breakwater, and made a regular castle on the island, and so have done a great deal of work there, if they never did any before they came.

Now and then one escapes, but he is nearly always retaken directly, or gets drowned in trying to swim off to some boat. My husband, who was a master-fisherman, saw one drowned. Although he was a convict, my husband tried to save him, but he went down like a stone, not twenty yards from his skiff. My husband was very much upset by it, for instead of being a forbidding-looking ruffian, like Bill Sykes in Oliver Twist, he was a mild-looking, fair-haired young fellow, who didn't seem above one or two and twenty. However, my poor husband was drowned himself not very long after this; and I have lived ever since on a very little income he left me, and by letting furnished apartments in the season.

In the winter, Weymouth is very dull, and I, living alone, would almost have been glad to accommodate any one for nothing, in order to have company in the house; so I was very pleased to have a chance of letting my first floor rooms to a very respectable young man, who wanted them at a reduced rate. I had been, with many others, to the station, to see a batch of Fenians change for Portland, but we were obliged to come back unsatisfied, because the railway companies would not allow any strangers in; this was the more annoying, as we all wanted to see a Colonel La Troulle, a Fenian from New Orleans, who had fought desperately when taken, and he had been terribly hurt about the head, and rendered senseless, before he would surrender. As it happened, we were not able to see him; so we all went back as we came.

I had been at home about ten minutes, and was warming my cocoa for my supper, when I heard a knock at the street-door, and on opening it, I saw a very good-looking young fellow—very slight, very dark, with a black moustache, and altogether a foreign air. He spoke English, however, and said he had been advised to apply to me for cheap apartments; that he was not very rich; he had come to Weymouth believing he should have an appointment in one of the hotels—he looked as if he would have made a capital waiter—but was disappointed for the present. He wished to remain in the town, to be in readiness, and so had applied to me. I was glad he had done so, and offered him my rooms cheap; he agreed to take them, and sent for his boxes from the station at once; he had a great deal of luggage, more than most young men possess.

I never had a quieter, gentler lodger in my life than he was; no trouble, no noise, never out of an evening by any chance; and his manner was always so soft and quiet, that, as I used to tell him, it was more like having a girl in the house, than a man. He would laugh at this, and say the same thing had often been remarked before. At first, he seemed to make no inquiries after any situation, or to visit his friends at all; but after he had been with me about a fortnight, he went out nearly every day, and all day long. I was glad to see that he did so, for really he mewed himself up in his room so constantly, that I began to fear he would injure his health.

What puzzled me not a little, was the finding that he spent a great part of his time on the island—not that Portland is really an island, only everybody calls it so. In the winter-time, there cannot be a more dreary place in the world than Portland; the storms seems to rage there oftener and fiercer than they do anywhere else; the roads are bad, the houses are small and mean, and except for the wild romantic sea-view which lies all around you, and the awful Race of Portland, which no vessel can cross, there is nothing to be seen. My niece paid me a visit about this time, and nothing would do but that I must go with her over the island; I did so, and, to my surprise, I saw Mr. Lewis—for such was my lodger's name—leaning against one of the huge blocks of stone which lie about the quarries, and gazing so thoughtfully out to sea, that he never noticed us driving by. Then my niece's husband came to fetch her home, and as he had never been to Weymouth before, he, too, must see the island, and I must go with him and his wife. So a second time I went, and a second time, to my great surprise, I saw Mr. Lewis. Today, he was talking to a tall man in plain clothes, who had just the look of a warder out of his uniform; they were in the middle of the road, so Mr. Lewis might have been asking his way; but I was confident, from their eager, hurried manner, that he was not. Yet, when he recognized me, he raised his cap, and the warder—I am sure it was a warder—pointed along a path, as though he was giving some direction, and then we lost sight of them; but I did not forget the incident.

A few nights after this, I was surprised, on answering a knock at the door, to find some one inquiring for Mr. Lewis, for he had never had a visitor before. The stranger gave the name of Brown, and was at once invited up-stairs. After a visit of about half an hour he left; and then my lodger, who had seemed, I fancied, to avoid me of late, came into my little kitchen, and began, in the chatty manner which had made him so pleasant, to talk about the gentleman who had just left. He said he was connected with one of the chief hotels, and had called to speak about an appointment. Now, I had lived in Weymouth maid, wife, and widow for thirty-two years, and knew by sight every gentleman connected with every hotel there, and this was none of them. And if my judgment was worth anything, this man was a warder from Portland, and, what was more, was the very warder I had seen Mr. Lewis speaking with on the island. I was quite sure of this, and knew, therefore, that for some purpose my lodger was deceiving me; but I reflected that every family has its secrets, so supposed he had his reasons for trying to mislead me.

Just now a complete change took place in my lodger's habits, for whereas he had previously been the most retiring of creatures, keeping himself so totally within doors that scarcely a soul in the street knew him, he now seemed to be never tired of hanging about the front-door. He cleaned my windows twice as often as I had ever cleaned them; he painted my shutters; he painted my flower-boxes, and was frequently trimming the flowers in them; while he actually went two or three times to the White Lion, the public house at the corner of our street, and drank his ale at the bar, instead of allowing the potman to bring it for him, as had hitherto been the case. I took the liberty of saying—for I was quite old enough to be his mother—that I hoped this last would not grow into a habit which might lead to harm, when, to my surprise, he burst out crying, and cried so bitterly, that I thought he would go into hysterics. I tried to soothe him, and took his hand in mine—he had a soft and delicate hand too; but he rose, and mastering himself by a great effort, went up to his room. In the morning, he apologized for disturbing me by his absurd ways; he had had bad news from home, he said. Of course, I told him not to think any more of such a trifle; but in my own mind I wondered where he got the letters from which had so upset him, as I was quite certain the postman had not been near my house all day. All this time, I had heard no more of the situation he expected; but soon after, the same stranger called again—Mr. Brown, I mean. He called very late one night, and went straight up to Lewis's room, came down in a very short time, and left without a word, as before. As I had admitted him, I had a fair chance of confirming my opinion; he was a warder, I was sure. He was a tall, big-bearded, big-whiskered and moustached man, who stood very square when he spoke to you, as a soldier does; weather-browned, as all the Portland warders are, and with a certain quick, watchful look of the eye, which they all acquire very soon.

The next morning brought a heavy fall of rain, with gusts of wind from the sea; and on taking up Mr. Lewis's breakfast, I noticed that he looked excited, if not wild, and I feared he had taken cold. I told him so, but he said: "No. The fact is, Mrs. Gerran, I must now tell you a little secret: I am married and I expect my wife from town today."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, for I had never dreamed of such a thing.

"Yes," he went on, "she is coming this evening, and I am a little worried to think what an unpleasant ride she will have."

"She certainly will, poor thing," I said; "but I will do my best to make her comfortable, Mr. Lewis."

"I know you will," he replied. "I thank you heartily, Mrs. Gerran. We rely on you very much."

I left him his breakfast, and went down stairs, considerably astonished by what I had heard. The weather grew worse during the day, and by night it was little short of a tempest. I often thought of the poor young woman who was coming all the way from London on such a night; and what made it worse was, that I could not offer to go and meet her, for, strange to say, Mr. Lewis did not know by what train she would come, or whether she would travel by the Great Western or the Southwestern line. It blew harder and harder; the furious blasts of wind swept through our little street, and drove the rain before it, so as almost to blind you, if you tried to face it. There was not a gas-light which was not blown out and I need not say the sky was pitch dark. On such nights, I always sit and think of my poor husband, and of the many others who earn their living on the dreadful sea; and I can hear nothing, attend to nothing, but the howling of the storm. So it was no wonder that the potman knocked two or three times when he brought Mr. Lewis's beer, before I heard him; and when I opened the door, it was almost blown out of my hand by the force of the wind.

"It is a terrible night, Robert," I said, for he was a very civil young man, and had been at the White Lion for years.

"It is, indeed, ma'am," he said; "there's a sea on to-night that's a-flying over the Chesil Bank like yeast. They've been firing artillery on the island; but, except now and then in a lull, you couldn't hear the guns."

"Firing!" I said; "firing! What is that for, Robert?"

"More convicts is off, ma'am," was his answer; "and I hear there is some fellow of consequence among 'em. Poor chap! He's sure to be caught such a night as this, if he hasn't tumbled over the face of a cliff already."

I bade him good-night, and closed the door, still sadder in mind than I had previously been. It always made me sorrowful when I heard of the poor convicts trying to escape. Whatever their faults may have been, liberty is sweet to all of us, and very few of them ever succeeded in getting away—hardly any, although many a one had lost his life in trying. I took the beer up to Mr. Lewis's room, and tapping at his door, said, as I generally did: "Here is your beer, Mr. Lewis;" and, as usual, the door was opened, and he took it from me. Instead of having his lamp burning, as was his custom, his room was in complete darkness, so that I could hardly see him, to give him the jug, and in the gloom he seemed to look stouter and taller than usual. He did not speak, whereas he generally had a little joke; but now he took the jug in silence. I lingered for a moment; but finding that he did not speak, I was going down stairs, when I thought of his wife. Mr. Lewis had almost closed the door, when I said how anxious I felt about her getting safely in through the storm, when, to my amazement, he replied, without opening the door more than a few inches: "I am much obliged for your kindness, Mrs. Gerran, but my wife has been in for this hour past." I never was so astonished in my life. I had made two or three little preparations to comfort her, and felt hurt that I should not have been informed of her arrival. "Yes," he continued, "she came when the wind was roaring so loudly, that you did not hear her knock. I let her in; and as she was tired and wet, I thought the best thing she could do was to lie down at once." Well, perhaps it was; but I could not help fancying that, for all that, they might have treated me with a little more consideration. However, I could say nothing; and so I went to bed, and as soon as the storm would allow, to sleep.

The first thing I heard in the morning, from my milkman, was that only one of the convicts had tried to escape, and that for the present he was still at large. It was rumored in the town that it was Colonel La Troulle who had got away, but the government people would not say much about it; the whole place was astir, he said. All day long, I heard the same kind of tidings repeated; and, in fact, I saw enough to convince me that extraordinary exertions were being made to capture the runaway. The White Lion was searched by a party of officers, and so was a house in the same street as my own, where a number of young-men lodgers were taken. I heard, too, that the railways were watched, not only at our station, but that the trains were examined at places twenty or thirty miles out, in case the convict should have got in at some little station. It was supposed, however, that although these precautions were taken, he was still in the island, as, from his wearing the prison dress, it would be so difficult for him to escape notice.

I did not see Mr. Lewis all day, nor his wife; but just at twilight, I was startled by the latter coming quietly into my little kitchen, and asking me for the milk. She was a pretty-looking young woman, wearing her hair in short curls; it was fair hair, and she was fair too, quiet and shy in her manner, speaking in a voice so low that I could scarcely hear her. She explained that her husband had, unfortunately, taken a severe cold, and would be obliged to keep his bed for a day or so. Of course, I offered any assistance in my power. She thanked me, and went up-stairs. When she had gone, I could do nothing for the life of me, for many minutes, but sit and think of her; there was an unaccountable feeling, quite a certainty, it seemed, of having known her before, although when or where I could not say. So strong and strange was this impression, that it was almost terrible to me, and, as I said, I could think of nothing else for a long time. However, I shook the feeling off at last, and went about my work—seeing no more of my lodger or his wife that night.

Robert, at the White Lion, told me, when he brought the supper beer, that, although it was hushed up as much as possible, yet it certainly was the Fenian who had escaped, and that it was one of the most desperate and ingenious escapes ever heard of. "Not, ma'am," he said, "as I believe in any of your ingenious escapes. I don't believe in a man doing with a rusty nail, or two prongs of a dinner-fork, or some such thing, in four or five hours, what it would take a couple of smiths all day to do with a basket of tools. It's the warders, ma'am, and they make these excuses; that's what it is, ma'am." This was the opinion of Robert at the White Lion, and I must own that I had, on similar occasions, heard many people in Weymouth express themselves to the same effect.

Once or twice the next day I saw Mrs. Lewis, and each time the impression that I had previously met her, grew stronger; I fancied, however, that my looking straight at her, to try and remember when it could have been, disturbed her, so I avoided doing so as much as possible, but for the life of me I could not help doing it sometimes. On the following morning I had to go out for an hour or two, and when I came back, I found my windows cleaned, the mould in the flower-boxes turned over, and various little things done, which told me that Lewis had been at work again, as, indeed, I found was the case. He had, unfortunately, been taken very unwell just before I came home, but previously he had been busy as usual in the front of the house.

As all attempts to recapture the convict had failed, and so there was no longer, I suppose, a hope of keeping it quiet, that night great bills were stuck up about the town, offering five hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of the Fenian colonel—for it was he, after all—and one of these bills was stuck up on an empty house just opposite to my own door. I naturally got talking about this with Mrs. Lewis; at least I talked and she listened, for she said hardly a word; and at last, when I struck a light to find something she wanted, I found she was crying. I told her I was afraid she was weak and low, that her long journey and her husband's illness had upset her, and asked her to let me make her some port-wine negus the last thing that night. She thanked me, but declined; and when she went away, the remembrance of her face, with the tears on her cheeks, seemed ten times more familiar to me than ever. I determined to ask Mr. Lewis, when I saw him, if his wife had ever lived in Weymouth, but it seemed as though I never should see him again. However, I did see him that evening.

I had been up-stairs for some time, and as I was looking over the contents of an old drawer, I was very quiet, and my lodgers thought I was out; but presently I came down, and met Lewis ascending, carrying a light. I was in the dark.

"Good-evening, Mr. Lewis," I said; "I hope you are better."

He looked up and said: "Yes; much better, thank you." He passed on, and left me almost petrified. *It was not the same man.* There was the same dark skin, moustache, hair, and whiskers; the same clothes; but this man, although short, was taller than my lodger, decidedly stouter, and had altogether a harder, sterner expression. There was no possible mistake. His voice, too, was wholly different; and I staggered, rather than walked, into my kitchen, feeling as though I had seen a ghost. I had not strength to procure a light; but in a few minutes Mrs. Lewis—sent down, as I found, by her husband—came in with one. Seeing me sitting, so pale and scared, in my chair, she said: "Are you ill, Mrs. Gerran? My husband fears you are." As if a flash of lightning had suddenly penetrated all the dark places of my mind, I saw, as she spoke, the meaning of all that had been mysterious, and by her face I saw she knew her secret was revealed. She was my lodger; she was the Mr. Lewis I had known. Altered and changed in every respect as she was, I knew her now. She locked her hands together, and twisted her fingers with a nervous, frightened air, and looked anxiously at me.

"Who—who are you?" I asked. "Why are you dressed like this? Who is the man—"

"Oh, Mrs. Gerran!" she cried, throwing herself down at my knees, before I could move to stay her, "forgive my deceiving you, and still be my friend—be my husband's friend. If you are not kind and true to us, we are lost. We have no home but this—no friend but you. It will soon, I trust, be different; but at this moment my poor husband is a fugitive, an outlaw, a convict, and a price is set upon his head."

"A price upon his head!" I echoed. "Is he thee—"

"Yes," she said, interrupting me, although she was sobbing as if her heart would break—"yes, my husband is Colonel La Troulle, the Fenian. We are Americans, and we are only waiting for the pursuit to cool, when we shall cross to France, and can then easily regain our home—never more, I trust, to leave it."

"Rise up, my poor, dear girl," I said, lifting her on to a chair; "and believe me that no money would tempt me to betray your husband; for your sake, at any rate, I will be true to you both. I hope, for your sake, too, that he will leave his dreadful and desperate schemes."

"O Mrs. Gerran," she answered, "do not think him a bloodthirsty man; there never breathed a gentler or kinder being. He was sadly deceived in the business which brought him here; but pray, come and see him, that he may know he is safe under your roof."

I went with her; and found this desperate Fenian quite a mild, gentlemanly person. He was full of gratitude to me; and although his close-cut hair, now he sat without his wig, and his dark face made him look stern enough, yet his eyes swam with genuine tears over and over again, when he spoke of his wife and her devotion to him.

Of course, every one can now see how it was managed. When he was sent to Portland, his wife came down, dressed as a man, and, while lodging with me, took care to familiarize the neighbors with the fact that I had a young-man lodger. One of the warders had already been gained over—so Robert at the White Lion was not so far wrong in his guess—and he it was with whom I had seen the supposed Mr. Lewis talking, and who came to my house twice. On his second visit, he came to say that all was arranged, and that her husband would get away soon after dark the next night. It was, fortunately for the scheme, a very stormy one; so La Troulle got past the station, and followed the Chesil Bank until he thought it safe to strike the line, and then got over the railway bridge without being recognized. He had a large railway rug over his shoulders, which hid his convict dress; and the only really dangerous part of his journey was through the streets to reach my house; but the dreadful storm cleared away all passengers, and he entered our street without having met half a dozen people. His wife was watching from her window, and seeing him, slipped down and opened the street door without my knowing anything about it. Then they removed the stains from her face, hands, and neck, with washes which she had brought with her, and he wore a wig, made to resemble her short curls. Poor young thing! she showed me such beautiful locks which she had cut off, to enable her to look more like a man: they must have been nearly a yard long, I am sure. They thought no place was so safe as Weymouth, and they were right, for the officers were hunting all over London, and Ireland, and Liverpool, and goodness knows where besides. La Troulle showed himself a little, but not too much, and no one ever suspected the change in my lodgers. In about a fortnight, he got quietly on board a fruit-sloop which was going back to France; and both he and his wife wrote to me when they got there, and also when they arrived at New Orleans. I don't know who the warder was, nor what he received for his services; but I heard, shortly after, from Robert at the White Lion, that one of them had left Portland to go and take a very handsome public-house in London; so I had my suspicions. I know that if I wanted money, which I am happy to say, thanks to my poor dear husband, I do not, I should only have to tell Mrs. La Troulle, or to go to the great house in Liverpool, of which they gave me the card, and I could have all I wanted.

She would make me accept her gold watch and chain; and I have worn it, and shall continue to do so, in memory of her.

☞ A verdant youth in the country after a visit to the city, was discoursing upon the many wonderful things he had seen there. He said he saw a very large house with an awful high chimney, and supposed the owner must have a very big family. He had his name above the door, on the gable end, in great letters—it was M. E. Church.

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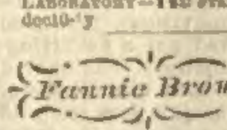

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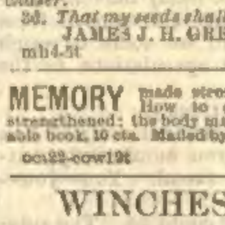

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NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES.

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1871.

Public notice is hereby given, that books will be opened on the sixth day of March next, in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions to the National Loan, under the Act approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," and the Act in amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871.

The proposed loan comprises three classes of Bonds, namely:

First. Bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second. Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third. Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely:

First. Subscriptions that may be first made for five per cent. Bonds to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars; of which there will be reserved for twenty days, one-half for subscribers in this country and one-half for subscribers in foreign countries.

Second. Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of Bonds.

Third. Subscriptions for equal amounts of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Fourth. Subscriptions for any five per cent. Bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount thereof in coin or currency of the United States, or in Bonds of the class to be exchanged, to be accounted for by the Government when the new Bonds are delivered; and payment may be made either in coin or in Bonds of the United States known as FIVE-TWENTY BONDS, at their par value.

The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of five-twenty bonds, and the debt of the United States will not be increased by this loan.

The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depositary of the Government quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under state, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bonds will be issued at the United States Treasury, but the agents for the negotiation of the loan in Europe are authorized to make arrangements with subscribers for the transmission of the bonds to the agents through whom subscriptions may be received.

Subscribers in the United States will receive the new bonds of the agents with whom the subscriptions are made.

In the United States, the National Banks are authorized to receive subscriptions, and subscriptions may also be made at the office of the Treasurer of the United States, or of any Assistant Treasurer, or the Designated Depositaries at Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill, Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisville, Ky., Mobile, Ala., and Pittsburg, Pa.

The following banking houses are also authorized to act as agents in receiving subscriptions in the United States, viz:

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Secretary of the Treasury

PROGRESS OF REDUCTION OF PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES.

	Maximum War Debt, July 31, 1865.	Debt at close of Last Administration, March 1, 1869.	Present Outstanding Debt, March 1, 1871.
Five-twenty six per cent. stock	$600,000,000	$1,522,587,950	$1,494,098,000
Other six per cent. stocks	932,391,042	283,677,400	283,678,100
Ten-forty five per cent. stock	172,779,100	194,567,900	194,567,200
Other five per cent. stock	77,022,500	27,022,000	20,000,000
Three-year 7.30 per cent. notes	830,000,000	.....	.....
Three year six per cent. notes	212,121,470	.....	.....
Total funded	2,150,764,112	2,307,854,650	1,992,343,700
Greenback notes	$428,114,799	$356,121,873	$356,100,196
Greenback certificates	265,222,845	71,140,000	55,230,000
Gold certificates	.....	20,725,500	29,037,500
Fractional currency	25,760,032	26,781,547	30,533,762
Past-due notes and bonds	17,263,129	6,422,454	3,261,112
Total Treasury circulation	721,930,796	499,140,844	474,230,548
Less gold in Treasury	31,837,859	99,741,201	105,174,209
	689,612,938	400,399,643	369,056,337
Less currency balance	81,401,773	16,853,329	20,254,606
Net Treasury circulation	608,211,165	383,545,854	349,801,731
Total principal of debt	$2,758,975,275	$2,691,399,504	$2,293,145,431
Yearly interest, in gold	$64,419,420	$124,253,350	$113,194,940
Yearly interest in currency	27,412,422	2,156,224	1,627,140
Total amount of interest charge	131,832,861	126,309,598	114,822,080

mh18-2t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Making Sure of a Tenor.

The Cornhill Magazine tells this story: A French impressario was taking out to New Orleans an opera company, which by special agreement, was only to include one tenor. Foreigners are usually bad sailors, and for the first few days all the members of the company were seasick, one of the effects of which malady is that it weakens the voice so much that people are frequently hoarse for several days after their recovery. Accordingly, as soon as the singers could crawl on deck, they commenced to try their voices, and amongst them the tenor, who, always, anxious to occupy a distinguished position, went on to the bridge of the steamer for the purpose. What was his surprise on hearing the echo of his own voice—another tenor. His amazement became disgust when he heard a third tenor running up the scale, a fourth, a fifth. He looked forward, and saw two men eyeing him and each other with intense hatred; he looked aft, and saw two others similarly occupied. The five tenors simultaneously made a rush below to the manager's cabin, and demanded whether he had not expressly stipulated to each of them that he was to be his only tenor. "I know, I know," replied the manager; "and I will keep my word. You see, none of you have been to New Orleans before, or you would understand. When we arrive there, the yellow fever is sure to be raging, and as you are fresh from Europe, two of you will probably be carried off before you land, and two more during the rehearsal. One will probably survive; he will be my first and only tenor."

How to Get a Dinner.

A party who travelled about pretty extensively was greatly perplexed to understand how it was that other persons were waited upon promptly and well served at the hotels, while he was almost entirely ignored, and could scarcely obtain a square meal, complain to and swear at the waiters as he might. At last his eyes were opened to the dodge of feeing the waiters liberally, and being of an ingenious turn of mind, he determined to improve on the plan.

The next hotel he dined at, he took his seat very pompously at the table, and took out a well filled pocket-book, extracted therefrom a ten dollar bill, which he laid on the white cloth beside his plate, and placed his goblet upon it.

In an instant almost he was surrounded by waiters, who seemed to vie with each other in attentions. Every wish was anticipated, and all the delicacies of the kitchen and pantry were placed before him in tempting array.

Having fared as sumptuously as a prince (to the envy of many of the other guests), he took up the greenback, and beckoning to the nearest waiter, was immediately besieged by a half dozen or so. Holding the bill in one hand, he pointed to it with the other, and inquired of the crowd:

"Do you see that bill?"

"Oh! yes, sir!" they all exclaimed, in chorus.

"Then take a deuced good look at it," he replied, "for you will never see it again." Saying which he departed, leaving the waiters aghast.

An "Angel of the Church."

Not many years since, when the Edward Irving mania raged, a man calling himself an "Angel of the Church," proceeded from Bristol to Bath on a special mission to Wm. Jay. The grave, thinking old man was in his study, and when the "Angel," a man with a dismal countenance, a white cravat, and rusty black trowsers appeared, Mr. Jay asked him his business.

"I am the 'Angel of the Church,'" said the man.

"What church?" asked Mr. Jay.

"The Irvingite church at Bristol," replied the angel.

"Take off your coat," said Mr. Jay.

The angel took off his coat, and Mr. Jay quietly rubbed his shoulder blades.

"What are you doing?" asked the angel.

"*Looking for your wings*," was the cool answer of Mr. Jay; "but *I don't find them*."

A Lawyer's Fee.

A story is told at the expense of a legal gentleman who was formerly well known in Norwich, Conn., who now lives in Oshkosh. One Smith had failed in business and sold out, and having two or three tough little bills, had given them to this lawyer for collection. Smith went to the office to receive the proceeds. The amount collected was about $50. "I'm sorry you've been so unfortunate, Smith, for I take a great interest in you. I shan't charge you as much as I should if I didn't feel so much interest in you." Here he handed Smith $15, and kept the balance. "You see, Smith, I knew you when you were a boy, and I knew your father before you, and I take a good deal of interest in you. Good-morning. Come and see me again!"

Smith, moving slowly out of the door, and ruefully contemplating the avails, was heard to mutter: "Thank God you didn't know my grandfather."

A Heavy Cloud.

Old Captain Blank, of Stonington, relates the following remarkable incident that occurred while on the passage from New York, some years ago. He observed, one summer afternoon, a heavy cloud arise from the land, and, to his great surprise, approach the vessel. Suddenly it broke near him, and millions of mosquitoes covered the deck of the vessel to the depth of several inches, while part of the flock went through the mainsail, leaving nothing but the bolt ropes idly hanging to the spars. Corroborative evidence to this astonishing tale was found in the person of a down-east skipper, who heard the story, and who, on comparing dates with the narrator, declared that two days afterward his ship was boarded by a part of the same flock, and they all wore canvas breeches.

A Practical Explanation.

"Charley! What is osculation?"
"Osculation, Jenny, dear,
Is a learned expression queer,
For a nice sensation.
I put my arm, thus, round your waist,
Your head sinks to its resting-place.
This is approximation;
You need not fear a fear—
There's no one here—
Your lips quite near—
I then—"
"*Oh dear!*"
"Jenny, *that's* osculation."

A VALENTINE.

Jones, a medical student, scorns the conventional Valentine, but sends an elaborate representation of the condition of his heart, with some intestines—at which he is rather good.

AT THE SPRING.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Pleasantly the morning sun
Through the elm top streams,
Brightly on the welling spring
The golden sunshine gleams;
Yet, as into her pitcher
The bubbling waters flow,
I hear the burden of her song
In tones forlorn and low:
"Oh, did he ever love me? How could he leave me so?
He came but with the violets—the roses saw him go!"

Merrily the linnet sings
In the leaves o'erhead;
Gayly springs the daisy up
From beneath her tread;
Yet still with gaze all vacant
She eyes the waters' flow,
And still the murmur of her song
Is soft and sad and low:
"Oh, did he ever love me? How could he leave me so?
He came but with the violets—the roses saw him go!"

Hark! her ear has caught a sound—
Footsteps quick and light,
Bounding down the winding lane—
Ah! who springs to sight?
No more—no more she's gazing
Upon the fountain's flow;
No more her voice is swelling on
That burden sad and low:
"Oh, did he ever love me? How could he leave me so?
He came but with the violets—the roses saw him go!"

Monkey and Man.

I think it was A Pope that said:

"Man, know thyself, presume not God to scan:
The proper study of mankind is man."

In his infancy he got the name of Alexander, which accounts for his being designated A Pope instead of a Pope, and happily frees the subscriber from any suspicion of irreverence. This is another illustration of the advantage of a big capital. Only let a man be in a position to use that, and if he is moderately smart it will keep him free from suspicion of any sort.

But there was considerable difference between Mr. Pope's idea about the study of man and those of the person named Darwin, who devotes himself to the pleasant work of showing that everybody's grandmother was a monkey, or possibly a codfish.

A glance at part of Mr. Darwin's last book has opened to my mind's eye an enormous field for speculation, and I have almost made a lunatic of myself trying to work it.

You see, Darwin is not quite sure that our grandmother was a monkey. If he felt no doubt on the subject, but was absolutely clear in his head about it, then of course the whole thing would be settled. But he isn't clear. He leaves the matter unsettled, and that's how it comes that my mind has been fearfully tortured in trying to find out what sort of thing the old lady actually was, and whether we are really of animal or vegetable origin.

Any number of hypotheses come up when I am thinking about it, and bothers me so much that I tear my hair and stamp around and run a desperate risk of being ordered out of the house by my landlady, who can't be got to take any more interest in this important subject than if it were an unconscious clam. It is astonishing how indifferent some persons can be to things that absorb the whole intellectual machinery of others.

At the breakfast table the other day I brought the subject forward (I had been sitting up for three nights, trying to figure something out of it, and naturally it was uppermost in my heart,) and the introduction of it came near bringing on a coolness. I got it under consideration in a quiet ingenious sort of way by saying to Mr. Bulfinch:

"Was any one of your ancestors a calf?"

Bulfinch is generally a harmless kind of person, with a tendency to idiocy, but on that occasion he showed spirit. He aimed about half a pound of hash at me, and the consequence was a picturesque looking map on the wall behind where I sat. It was evident that he did not see the drift of my question, so I said:

"Sir, your conduct is unpardonable; I am making investigations in regard to the origin of the species, and it was solely in the interest of science that I asked the question. I now repeat it, sir, and I beg you to inform me if you know whether any ancestor of yours was a calf?"

Then he did get mad. I never saw anything like it. He got up and shook out his hair, and pranced around the table—and it took four boarders to hold him until he cooled off. It was no use trying to get any information out of him, so I turned to another boarder, Mr. Woffles.

"Woffles," I said, "it strikes me that you must be of vegetable origin; that hair of yours is what they call carrotty; your nose is a turnap—and I have heard some speak of you as a beet. Don't you think, now, there might have been some cabbage-heads in the orginial branch of your family?"

It was interesting to observe Woffles while I was making these observations. It seemed as though some one had put a hot frying-pan under him, he squirmed and moved around so, and made such hideous faces. When I got through he just gave one wild glare at me, and made a dash for the water pitcher, and as I thought he was threatened with apoplexy or something of that sort, I grabbed the pitcher first, and let him have the contents over his head. They took him up-stairs in a truly shocking condition.

Old Turbot was the subject of my next effort to get at some facts in ethnology. He is a queer looking chap, Turbot is, rather eccentric, and with a mouth very much like a codfish. All the borders make fun of this old man right to his face, just because he is deaf. I have often pointed out to them the sin of making game of a venerable codger like him, but they say they don't; that his name shows that he is game anyway. But I don't agree with them in this. I don't believe that turbot is a game fish; but it is no use arguing with an ignoramus about anything.

Well, I yelled at old Turbot, "Have you read Darwin, sir?"

And the old gentleman said, "Young man, you just let those things alone and pass that butter, if you please."

"What do you think of clams, sir?" I tried to speak about forty-five degrees above zero this time.

"No, I did not say ham—butter."

Moving closer to him, I put my mouth near his ear and yelled again.

"Do you consider it likely that any portion of the human race is descended from the clam? Now, when we come to weigh different theories and speculations in the scales—"

He burst upon me furiously.

"Do you mean to call me scaly? You impudent scoundrel! you unmannerly, outrageous, impertinent rascal. You—you—wh-r-r-r!"

That was as far as he could go. The emotions were too heavy for him, and he broke down. It was unfortunate that the old chap exploded. If he had only been calm and kept his temper I might have got something out of him, for he spends a great deal of his time reading those scientific books, which none but lunatics pretend to understand. But it was not to be. Fate had ordained that I should have difficulty in pursuing my investigations.

Dropping Turbot, I turned to an ancient damsel by the name of Squinks, who wears an intellectual pair of spectacles, and is considered ahead of all the other borders in the ethics business.

"Madam," I said, "what is your honest opinion about the origin of the species? Of course, you know what Darwin says, but I want your opinion. Now, do you think Adam was made of earth, or is it likely that he grew from a potato?"

Miss Squinks looked at a potato on her fork, for some seconds, and then answered:

"That man was a poor, weak-minded simpleton, any way, and if I thought he was descended from a potato I would never eat another. Drat him!"

"Do you mean, Miss Squinks, that you would never eat another man?"

She flew into a passion at once, and I had as much as I could do to get in an explanation of why I had asked the first question.

"You see," I said, "I asked because there are so many persons called potatoes, and it struck me that Adam himself might have grown up from one."

"Persons called potatoes! Why, how in the world did that get into your head? What kind of persons are called potatoes?"

"Oh, I thought you knew—the Murphys!"

The boarders smiled at this, and as they were in good humor again I thought I would try a little further. Holding up a piece of pork that I had fished out of the coffee, and looking at a party by the name of Bacon, I said:

"Here is a proof of a connecting link between man and the lower animals. Now, sir, this is pork; you are Bacon; can any one doubt that both are derived from the same source? This is incontestible proof that man is the product of a system or plan of gradual development. You, sir, are an intelligent being this is only pork, and yet the hog is the root of each. Science proves this, and science may yet establish the fact, impossible though it may appear, that you are in great part a hog still, and, and——"

"D——n your science!" And with that a chunk of ham hit me between the eyes, and a general misunderstanding ensued. But I have not given up these ethnological investigations yet. Science has always had to encounter ignorance and the hostility of of prejudice. I will not quail.

AGRICULTURAL.

Raising Celery.

Physicians tells us that if one would eat freely of the blanched foot-stalks of celery, it would not only prevent, but actually cure nervousness; that one who is subject to trembling limbs would find sure relief in its use. This one truth should be sufficient to encourage all of us to raise this fine plant. But, in addition to this, there is nothing more appetising, or better to eat with roast meats, especially turkey, duck or chicken. But many of us are deterred from trying to raise it, thinking it difficult to do so; many have tried it and utterly failed. True, it is more difficult to manage than many other things, the greatest trouble being to get the young plants from seed, as they are quite small and require good care in sowing. I have always succeeded, and will here tell you how to succeed every time you try; but you must practice what I preach.

First, then, be sure you get a paper of fresh seed, say Landreth's White Solid. If you have a hot bed (and every one who has a garden should have one or more) sow your seed in very shallow drills therein, six inches apart. Sow the seed as thinly as you can, and sift very rich, fine chip manure, or other rich earth, over the seed, and then press the drills lightly with a brick or other heavy smooth substance; cover with a sash and give plenty of tepid water, put on with a very fine rose to your sprinkler. When the plants show themselves (which will require quite a long time) water, not very cold, must be added every evening or two, and the plants aired on every warm day. When they are about three inches high thin them to about half an inch apart. When they are large enough, say five or six inches high, transplant them at evening in trenches a foot deep and two feet wide, with the richest earth you can get, in the bottom of the trenches. Shade them for a week entirely, with boards, plank or boughs, and put plenty of water in the trenches, three or four times a week, but do not pour the water directly on the plants. About the 10th of October (not sooner) tie a string loosely around each bunch, near the top, and bank up the plants with dirt, leaving only the green tops uncovered. When hard frost appears, cover all over with straw, six inches deep, and dirt over this five inches deep, and at Thanksgiving Day you can treat your friends and yourself to roast turkey (if you have one) and delicious, aromatic, nutty celery.—*Woodman, in Farmer's Home Journal.*

The Best Ice-House.

In The Technologist for February, there is a new plan for an ice-house, which impresses us favorably, and from which we take the following:—

"The more modern, and, in every respect, the most generally advantageous method is that of elevating the ice-chamber above the influence of ground currents of air, and thus securing, in the first place, purity of atmosphere, and at the same time avoiding the immediate action of the heat which is so readily conveyed from the comparatively warm ground. To construct an ice-house on the principle we speak of, we will suppose a tower to be erected in connection with the barn, or in the rear of a house, or insulated in the back yard. This tower may be of three stories; the first to be the dairy and summer pantry; the second to be the ice-chamber, lined on sides and floor with zinc, and having ventilators, and a supply door near the top; the third story to be a cistern or tank room, for the keeping of the rain-water gathered from the roofing of the main building, and conducted to it by pipes. From this cistern, and passing through the ice-chamber, pipes will convey to the dairy room below a refreshing supply of cold water, so desirable in the hot days of summer, without the usual accompaniment in the pitcher, of masses of questionable nicety. This ice-chamber should be double-walled, (whether built of brick or wood,) and the space be filled with charcoal, dry saw-dust or tan-bark. It will be observed that by giving it the intermediate story, between the dairy and the cistern, two points are gained—namely, the cooling of the dairy, and the cooling of the water, at the same time that the preservation of the ice in this middle chamber is greatly assisted by the position and its surroundings."

Balky Horses.

Prof. Jennings of the Veterinary College of Philadelphia, says:

"A man, to control a horse, must first learn to control himself."

Balking is the most aggravating of all faults to which the horse is subject; yet, by patience, perseverance and good management, even this habit can be broken up. They resist because we fail to make them understand what we require of them; or it may occur from overloading, sore shoulders, or working till tired out. Particularly is this the case with young animals.

As soon as a horse is made to understand what is required of him, he becomes a willing subject. To attempt to force him to do what he does not comprehend, or to use the whip under such circumstances, only excites him to more determined resistance. Professor Jennings' remedy, which fully sustains the opinion of others is as follows:

"On the first attempt of your horse to balk, get out pat and reassure him with kind words, carefully examine the harness, then jump in and speak to him as if you expected him to go. This is generally effectual."

A FARMER who runs his farm without a record of expenses and the cost of different crops, is like a ship without a compass or a log book.

AN Iowa paper tells of a smart wife who helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest.

RECEIPTS.

PIE CRUST.—A good rule is ½ of a teacupful of lard, well pressed down, to every 2 teacupfuls of flour; a little salt, and only water enough to hold the ingredients together. This makes enough crust for one medium sized pie. Mix quickly and carelessly, not kneading at all. For mince pies, from ¼ of a cup to a whole cup of lard, is necessary for every 2 cups of flour.

TO CLEAN DECANTERS.—Roll up in small pieces some soft brown or blotting paper; wet them, and soap them well. Put them into the decanters about one quarter full of warm water; shake them well for a few minutes, then rinse with clear cold water; wipe the outsides with a nice dry cloth, put the decanters to drain, and when dry they will be almost as bright as new ones.

LOBSTER CHOWDER.—Two quarts of milk; one large lobster or two small ones. Take dressing of lobster, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and four hard crackers pounded fine. Rub them with a little salt and a few grains of red pepper. Boil the milk, add the dressing, &c., together with the lobster cut up in small pieces, and let the whole boil a few minutes. It gives a fine red color to boil the little claws with the rest. Take them out before serving.

SEALING-WAX of all colors easily dissolves in strong alcohol, and forms an excellent varnish for small ornaments.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 62 letters.
My 29, 6, 34, 62, 34, 9, 10, 11, is a noted country in Asia.
My 1, 27, 17, 21, 49, 15, 63, 40, 5, 30, 3, 48, 41, 47, is the name of a king of ancient times.
My 11, 24, 14, 26, 31, 49, 44, 46, 48, 55, is one of the ten commandments.
My 4, 47, 54, 42, is a bird which is much admired.
My 22, 35, 47, 23, 45, 4, 43, 50, 59, is a town in Worth county, Iowa.
My 19, 20, 47, 18, 55, 60, is an adverb.
My 50, 61, 4, 32, is the name of a state.
My 7, 38, 43, 53, 54, is a verb.
My 8, 9, 47, 5, 51, is the name of one of the months of the year.
My 7, 1, 10, 39, 58, is the name of a state.
My 28, 4, 33, 2, 23, 25, 60, 40, 9, 47, 49, 52, 17, 43, is the name of a popular song.
My 13, 36, 37, 42, 18, 22, 17, is hailed with delight by the weary traveller and laborer.
My 57, 13, 56, 55, 16, 14, may be heard where youth and pleasure meet.
My 8, 24, 23, 15, is painful to the eye.
My whole is a part of a verse in the book of St. John. J. W. RUSSELL.
Hartland, Worth Co., Iowa.

Charade.

When trembling zephyrs first begin to play
O'er timid buds just stealing to the light,
My first, all beautiful with cheering away,
Breaks on our vision in a radiance bright.
Amid the shadows of the summer woods,
Or flowery lanes, as evening draws around,
While dreamy calm o'er smiling nature broods,
My second makes a sweet and thrilling sound.
My whole will name a form of cherub grace,
The brightest pearl amid all baby girls—
A heavenly impress on her rosy face,
Blue liquid eyes and shining golden curls.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

On going out one day, I found
My brother at my first;
Says he, "I've been at this so long,
It causes me to thirst."

Once more I travelled out, and saw
My second going past;
And stopping short, to it I said,
"You should not go so fast."

My third I spied as I one day
Was walking by the sea;
And in it saw some men and boys
As happy as could be.

My whole I bid you now to tell,
(I hardly think all will;)
But in its stead you oft may place
This word so simple—skill.

Probability Problem.

If two men start from the same side of a square field and walk straight across it in random directions, what is the probability that both will cross the opposite side?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Promiscuous Question.

A gentleman sold his establishment for a good round sum of dollars, that would divide evenly by 2, 4, 5, 7 and 10; and after spending $2,801 thereof, he found that if he divided what was left of his money by either 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, or 12 dollars, there would always remain $1 less than the divisor used; however, divided by $13, then there would be no remainder left. How much did he sell his establishment for at first? X.

Conundrums.

☞ What sort of medicine is most like a sick monkey? Ans.—Apo-lil.

☞ What was Joan of Arc made of? Ans.—She was—we have every reason to believe—Maid of Orleans.

☞ What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose? Ans.—A bald-head.

☞ Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Ans.—Because the cat'll eat it.

☞ Why is a lady's ringlet like one of Dickens's novels? Ans.—Because it is all of a twist (Oliver Twist.)

☞ Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C? Ans.—Because she forms lasses into classes.

☞ Which would you rather, that a lion ate you or a tiger? Ans.—Why, you would rather that the lion ate the tiger, of course.

☞ When does a leopard change his spots? Ans.—When he moves from one spot to another.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—The Right Reverend Father in God, William White, Bishop of Pennsylvania. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Troche, Moltke. (Tom-Tom, Romeo, Ordeal, Content, Hawk, Undine.)

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of January 7th.—A had $64.06¼, B $32.06¼, C $16.06¼, D $8.06¼, E $4.06¼, F $2.06¼, G $1.06¼, H $0.56¼. Chas. A. Webb.

Answer to O. R. Sheldon's PROBLEM of Dec. 10th.—Sides are 20.783+, 18, and 10.391+ inches. Geo. W. Sublette.

Through a lost letter, Mr. O. R. Sheldon was not credited with the following answers:

Answer to Junior's PROBLEM of Nov. 26th.—Peter's stock, $600; John's stock, $400.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Nov. 12th.—1376303.578125.

Answer to J. T. P.'s PROBLEM of Nov. 19th.—252 balls.